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Funston—
the Man from Kansas

By

William Allen White

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FUNSTON—the Man from Kansas

By William Allen White

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THIS is a grimy old world. Coal soot coats everything, even our heroic statues, and brings all aspiring color and form into a great dingy democracy. Comfort for the millions has silenced the trade cries, so that the fruit vender, and the stock broker, and the chimney sweep, and the shoe clerk—all slip noiselessly through their business routine. Corporations in the upper world, and police-protected rascals in the lower world—and between the millstones, the brown grist of business people, "married men in barracks"—this is the civilized world. Sometimes there is the flicker of a flag, and the cheep of a fife, and the mutter of a drum, and a line of blue or of khaki or of red. But the color soon fades back into the brown of the multitude; the fife and the drum are drowned in the rumble of commerce; the flag grows sooty and limp. And only the roar of the grinding business world—keyed about to "F," they say—rises with the clang of the owl-car gong at cock-crow, and swells to a frenzied crescendo at high noon, and dies to an echo in the muffled noises of the night. Thus the sullen, monotonous incantation throbs around the globe—the sigh of the desolated, spited of dying romance. Philosophy has made a diagnosis of life and has pronounced it a case of ledger entry. The individual is an item in the expense account; the syndicate keeps the cash account; what is called the trust gets the increment after the trial balance is reached. It is all precisely calculable—all exactly according to rule, until the hero comes along. He snaps the cords of conventions. The diapason of civilization in "F" becomes a quick-step, syncopated, staccato. The world begins jigging. Poets tune up. To make a dollar and seventy-five cents is no longer considered an adventure. Men wave their hats, and we all "drink stone blind when Johnnie comes marching home."

For when the hero comes, men revert to type. They cease to wear trousers and become clouted savages. Whereat philosophy picks up its shattered theories, taps its forehead at a mad world, and calls the manifestation of red blood that God has put in men's veins the phenomena of hysteria.

The Dynamic Knight-Errant from Kansas

When a man like General Funston arises in America—a dynamic knight-errant of great voltage, with a nimble wit and a cavalier's courage—his fellow-citizens at the plow, the desk, the shop and the counter observe that the money-devil really hasn't the world in his clutches; whereupon the workers give themselves one more furrow, one more column of figures, one more kit of mackerel, one more turn of the lathe, before they leave their work and follow the bugles into knighthood with Funston, and make all their dreams come true—of pirates and buccaneers, and chivalry and hidden treasure, and the Lord only knows what of wassails and tourneys and jousts, and the high times of the clanking days when men wore hardware, stoves and tinware, harness, cutlery and shelf goods.

The recital of the events in Frederick Funston's life, set down in bald chronological sequence, makes a story which gentlemen of the press, familiar only with the adventures of the paste-pot and the romance of the shears, have thought wise to call "a Munchausen tale." Frederick Funston was born at the village of New Carlyle, Ohio, in 1866. He came to Allen County, Kansas, a baby, with his parents. He grew up on a farm there. He got a common school education, and like most ambitious farm boys he taught a country school for a term or so. The determination to get on in the world awoke in him early, and for a time the military spirit moved him. He attacked his books, was graduated at the county high school, took the examination for West Point—and failed. The boy who won over Funston in this contest is now a Captain. Funston's boyish discontent with the farm sent him to Mexico, where he picked up Spanish and learned the language well enough to teach it later in life. When he returned to Kansas he entered the State University at Lawrence at twenty. He was a notably poor student of text-books, but an insatiable reader. He spent many hours in the University library reading books that would not help him in the class-room; but they built the foundation for a liberal education and a broad culture, to the obtaining of which he has devoted every moment he could spare in a busy life. He is a member of the college fraternity, Phi Delta Theta. He put in six years at the University—intermittently. And at odd times, and between terms in those six years, young Funston was a fare collector on Santa Fé trains from Kansas City to Albuquerque; he worked on Kansas City newspapers, managed a paper at Fort Smith, Arkansas, took the civil service examination without the knowledge or consent of his father, a member of Congress at the time, and was appointed to a place in the Department of Agriculture. He was sent to Montana and the Dakotas to help out with a botanical survey. In 1890 he went as a botanist with the Government surveying party that explored the terrible Death Valley. He wrote magazine articles about his adventures which were accepted by the New York magazines. Most young fellows of twenty three or four would have sent the narratives of their exploits to their county-seat papers.

A Perilous Journey in the Frozen North

The ambition which was urging him onward knew no compromise. While he was doing these things he showed up every year for a term or two at the State University. He was determined to learn. He left school in '92, and went to Alaska and made a botanical survey of certain portions of the Alaska coast. His eyes failed him, and he returned to the States to have his eyes repaired. Then, early in 1893, he went back to Alaska. On this trip Funston made his first reputation in the West as an adventurous and efficient young man. He went over Chilcoot Pass with a half dozen Indians before the days of the Klondike—an unspeakably lonesome and desolate trip. He went down the Yukon to its junction with the Porcupine, and up the Porcupine to Rampart House.

For a long January afternoon's diversion, Funston took a few Indians and started overland to Herschel's Island, where a British whaling fleet was wintering. The Funston party wandered two hundred miles out of the direct course, making the round trip, eight hundred miles, in the dead of winter in an Arctic twilight. Peary became famous for a shorter journey in May. In the spring Funston set out from Rampart House and traveled down the Porcupine to the Yukon. He drifted on the Yukon fifteen hundred miles—absolutely alone. For two weeks he did not hear the sound of a human voice; but one of his literary companions on this journey was Soldiers Three. He journeyed in an open boat, made with his own hands, gathering botanical specimens and cataloguing them. He was picked up, according to prearrangement, at the mouth of the Yukon by the Revenue Cutter Bear in the summer of 1894.

He stood the monotony of civilization for less than a year, and then went to Central America and engaged in the coffee-growing business. Here he lost the money he saved on his Alaskan trip. He came back to New York in '96 and was appointed an Assistant Auditor of the Santa Fé Railway Company. Funston considered the place a makeshift. It promised no promotion for him. He did not wish to get into a rut, so he gave up the place and went to Cuba.

For months before he left his intention to go was determined. He found that artillerymen were scarce in the Cuban Army, and whenever Funston could spare a moment from the auditor's desk in the Santa Fé office he spent it studying guns. He went to the places near New York where heavy guns are made; he acquired what theoretical information he could from books and men, and then stole quietly out of New York on a filibustering expedition with Captain O'Brien on the Dauntless, and landed in Cuba in the summer of 1896. He was made a Captain of Artillery, under Gomez.

He fought in Cuba for two years. He was wounded three times: once in the arm, once through the body, once his horse fell on him, fracturing the bone of his thigh.

Gomez's Major Becomes Uncle Sam's Volunteer

Funston left the Cuban Army on sick leave in 1898 with the rank of Major. He was the Commandant of Artillery under Gomez. On his way to the sea he was captured by the Spanish soldiers, but before they could identify him he swallowed his parole papers, and, after spending a few weeks in a Spanish prison, he came to the United States in the spring of 1898.

He delivered a few lectures on the Cuban Rebellion before the war spirit that was moving over the land swept him from the lecture platform and made him Colonel of the Twentieth Kansas Volunteers. Governor Leedy, who appointed Funston, was a Populist; Funston was a Republican; but his distinction and his fitness for the Colonelcy were so apparent that the appointment was inevitable. But Funston was ordered to Tampa, where his knowledge of the topography of Cuba would be valuable to General Miles. After the battle of Santiago Funston left Tampa and joined his regiment in California.

He drilled it rigorously, until it became a model on the parade ground. The Twentieth Kansas was one of the last of the volunteer regiments to leave for the Philippines. But when it got there it began to make history. Funston's drilling, his enthusiasm, and his military training counted. There was no accident in the fame that the Twentieth Kansas won in the Philippines. Every man in the regiment could read and write. It was composed of farmers, lawyers, school teachers and the like—skilled laborers, railroad men, carpenters, printers. A majority of its commissioned officers could sign A. B. or A. M. after their names, and half a dozen of them were from the Kansas State University, where they had gone to school with Funston. They knew him. There was never a minority report on his decision to strike out across country and do something not set down in the books. It was a case of "follow my leader" with Funston and the boys.

How Funston Fought His Way to the Front

All the world knows that Funston was the hero of the Philippine campaign of 1899. As Colonel of the Twentieth Kansas, which became part of the First Brigade, Second Division, Eighth Army Corps, he won fame on many battlefields in Luzon. He was present with his regiment at the outbreak of the insurrection, and he commanded it in all the earlier actions, and fought on the northerly line on February 4, 5 and 7, in the year mentioned. He was at the decisive battle of Calocan, February 10, and participated in the entire seven days' marching and fighting of the campaign against Malolos, which began March 25, and closed with the capture of the Filipino capital, March 31. He was at the Tuliahan River on the morning of the first day out, at Polo and at Guiginto, at Meycauayan and the River Mirnlao; he was among the very first American soldiers to enter the Filipino capital, then in flames by Aguinaldo's order. Later in the campaign north of Malolos he was at Calumpit, at the Rio Grande de la Pampanga, at the Rio Bag-bag, and in all the actions of that hard and hot campaign, until the muster out of his regiment in the fall of '99. The campaign in Northern Luzon was admittedly the theatre of the most severe and

notable field actions that have been fought in the archipelago since the outbreak of the insurrection.

In November of '99, for services in this campaign, President McKinley made Funston a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. Since then he has been in the Philippines, commanding a brigade in the field for a number of months. For a year he was military governor of a province—one of the first provinces in Luzon to accept the American authority. This it did after Funston had been in command but a few months. During his term of service in the Philippines Funston has learned Tagal. He has been engaged in various military enterprises that to many a soldier would have seemed trivial. But Funston luck—which means faithfulness to the most trivial opportunity—has made these enterprises affairs of vital importance.

The Sort of Ballots that Elect Heroes

Some Filipino state papers were captured and turned over to Funston. The Americans had been capturing Filipino state papers since the trouble began. But to the man from Kansas the capture of official papers of a rebellion is not a matter of every-day occurrence, so he studied them. He turned the contents of these papers to account. All is grist that comes to his mill. From the data found in the captured papers, Funston evolved a scheme that led to the capture of Aguinaldo. Others had evolved schemes—oceans of them. Funston acted. The man who can chisel a scheme into a fact is the man the world is looking for. It was an irregular scheme—so the bureau soldiers say. Also they say that it was not the scheme of a soldier, but that of a scout or a policeman. But the plan worked. Aguinaldo was bagged. Funston did it, and the world that loves things it can understand, and loves a man who can do these things if he is "a pore benighted 'eathen, but a first-class fightin' man," pounded its neighbor gleefully on the back for Funston. And public sentiment took a Brigadier-Generalship out of the hands of the pink-tea division of the army at Washington, and literally elected Funston to his high place in the regular army. No President of the United States ever got a larger popular vote even though the only ballots counted were hats cast in the air.

Such is the outline history of a young man barely nine years out of school. The facts in the case are set down here without the embellishment of enlivening incident, and of the episodes that might bring out the merry and redoubtable character of the indomitable little man. The action is merely indicated to show that the career of Funston has been rather a growth than an accident; an inevitable result, rather than the play of felicitous chance. To gentlemen whose life consists of getting up, going to work, eating luncheon, coming home, going to bed, and getting up, day after day and year after year; whose most exciting adventure in a season is the chase of a street car, or the successful escape from a velvet-footed creditor, the story of Funston's life seems highly improbable. Those who tell it are often accused of dallying with the caprices of their imaginations. Indeed, Funston's story seems un-American, sporadic; for Funston has lived what Walter Scott wrote. What he has done makes the dime novel seem tame and precisely probable. His career appearing coincident with the vogue of the armor-plated hero of fiction makes one wonder if there is some connection between waves of thought and waves of action—if heroics are not first strongly imagined and then vigorously acted.

Now, judging from the life that Funston has lived, one would fancy him a large man, with a double-bass voice and a "chesty" gait. The real Funston is a little man, barely five feet five, with small, soft, womanish hands, a gentle, self-deprecatory, low-toned voice, and with only so much iron in his blood and steel in his sinews as a brave heart puts there. He is facetious of speech to a degree which is often irritating to those gentlemen who hold that the world is a melancholy estate. By nature he is rollicking, full of the effervescence that bubbles in jibes and quips and festive repartee. He talks as an impressionist paints—sketching in the outlines of his discourse in jerky, illuminated and extra-illustrated phrases. His jokes are mostly on himself. He guys himself and his achievements with a master's touch.

With strangers he is bashful and makes a poor impression. In business he is scrupulously honest, and in affairs of the heart he is what a hero should be—impetuous and steadfast. He married his wife after a six weeks' acquaintance. His courtship was a matter of days, and his wedding journey was a walk around the block, a few hours before the transport sailed for the Philippines with the Twentieth Kansas in '98.

His sense of humor keeps him loyal to recreant friends, and his heart never harbors a grudge. He has lectured during two brief periods in his life: on his return from Alaska and when he came back from Cuba. But financial necessity drove him to it.

He has no heart for politics; he loathes intrigue because it forbids him to laugh. In all his dealings, the element of real greatness shows forth unwaveringly: he is simple and direct. He knows no simulation, no pose. He never walks on stilts. He despises cant and canters. Young lieutenants who throw back the yellow linings of their cape-overcoats and affect superiority over civilians will find no sympathy from Funston's point of view. For Funston was an American gentleman before he was an American soldier, and first of all he is an American citizen, democratic to his finger-tips.

In the cut-glass and hand-painted-china division of the regular army, stationed at Washington, there seems to prevail a fetich theory that the "noble art of murdering" is a fine art, which may be learned only from books. This notion is a mediæval survival. It holds over from the days when the king and his army were important personages, and when people of gentle blood spent most of their time spilling it. In those days the soldier was the only form of gentleman extant. To-day the soldier is a craftsman—like all other craftsmen—and the commanders of soldiery have no reason to hold themselves above the commanders of commerce. Certainly Funston is proof that in America, at least, feudal aristocracy is extinct. For the average American taxpayer regards Funston as a faithful servant—who earns every penny of his wages.

No Monopoly on Good Men at West Point

There are thousands of fine, brave fellows in the army—privates and officers. Some have come from West Point. Some—like Funston—have come from the ends of the earth, Heaven knows whence. There are West Point officers and Volunteer officers, and some are brave, some are gentlemanly—and some are cads; just as the good runs with the bad in every trade. West Point, which has produced its highly diversified crop, is maintained as a necessity, so that, with other more alluring

(Concluded on Page 13)

The Sleeping Beauty By Guy Wetmore Carryl

A Grimm Tale Made Gay

ALBEIT wholly penniless, Prince Charming wasn't any less
Conceited than a Crœsus or a modern millionaire.
Though often in necessity no one would ever guess it. He
Was candidly insolvent and he frankly didn't care!
Of the many debts he made not a one was ever paid,
But no one ever pressed him to refund the borrowed gold:
All the while he kept on spending, people gladly kept on lending,
For the fact they knew a title was a requital twenty-fold.

He lived in sixteen eighty-three,
This smooth, unblushing article.
(Since then, so far as I can see,
Men haven't changed a particle!)

IN CHARMING'S principality there was a wild locality
Composed of sombre forest and of steep and frowning crags,
Of pheasant and of rabbit, too, and here it was his habit to
Go riding with his vassals in the keen pursuit of stags.
But the charger that he rode so mercurially strode
That the Prince, on one occasion, left the others in the lurch,
And the falling darkness found him with no courtiers around him,
Near a building like an abbey or a shabby ruined church.

His Highness said: "I'll ring the bell
And stay till morning in it." He
Took Hobson's choice, for no hotel
There was in the vicinity.

HIS ringing was so vehement that any one could see he meant
To suffer no refusal, but, in spite of all the din,
There was no answer audible, and so with courage laudable
His Royal Highness turned the knob and stoutly entered in.
Thus he strode across the court, but he suddenly stopped short
When he passed into the castle by a massive oaken door;
There were courtiers without number, but they all were deep in slumber,
The royal cat delighting by uniting in a snore.

The Prince remarked: "This must be Phil-
adelphia, Pennsylvania."
And thus was born the jest that's still
The comic journal's mania!

WITH torpor reprehensible, numb, comatose, insensible,
The flunkeys and the chamberlains all slumbered like the dead,
And snored so loud and mournfully that Charming passed them scornfully
And came to where a Princess lay asleep upon a bed.
She was so extremely fair that His Highness didn't care
For the risk, and so he kissed her ere a single word he spoke;
Whereupon the maids and pages, ushers, lackeys, squires and sages,
As fresh as if they'd been a week awake, awoke.

They hastened, bustled, dashed, and ran
Up stairways and through galleries.
In brief, they one and all began
Again to earn their salaries.

AROUSED from her paralysis, as if in deep analysis
Of him who had awakened her, the Princess met his eye:
Her glance at first was critical and sternly analytical,
And then she dropped her lashes, and she gave a little sigh.
As he waited, wholly dumb, she remarked: "You doubtless come
For one or two good reasons, and I'm going to ask you which:
Do you think my house to harry or do you propose to marry?"
He answered: "I may rue it, but I'll do it if you're rich!"

The Princess murmured with a smile:
"I've millions, at the least, to come."
The Prince cried: "Please excuse me, while
I go and tell the priest to come!"

THE MORAL:

The Moral: When affairs go ill,
The sleeping partner foots the bill.

The Fur Winners

By W. A. Fraser

Author of Mooswa of the Boundaries

Scene at a trading post

TO THE Indian all beasts are free as food except buffalo—this animal king he must not slay. But with the killing instinct, that has come down through long generations of living by the hunt, strong upon him, he realizes not the full value of this law, and evades it when he can.

The present year a half-breed killed three buffalo on the Athabasca. A policeman stationed at Grand Rapids found this out and arrested him.

They had to wait until a magistrate turned up to try the case. A Hudson's Bay factor arrived, going down the river with his trading boats. Every factor is a magistrate, but in this case there were complicated contingencies. The half-breed was the only pilot who could take his boats through the rapids; if the factor fined him for killing the buffalo and confiscated the hides, the breed pilot would most surely sulk and clear out. This was a serious problem. But if he tried the case the buffalo skins would be his by right of perquisite.

In the morning the boats had gone down through the rapids; there was no magistrate to try the case; also was there no culprit, for the breed, who was at large under summons, had gone with the factor. Later, when the Hudson's Bay man returned, a scrip commissioner, who was also a magistrate, showed him three large, black, curly-haired buffalo robes, worth $100 apiece.

"Yes, I tried the case," said the commissioner, "and paid the breed's fine, which was only fifty dollars."

The factor sighed. He was a victim to his duty; but the commissioner would have to smuggle the robes out, for though he might keep them in his possession in the Territory, the law would not allow him to export them.

The trappers use various wiles to catch the wearers of pelts. Lynx is usually snared, being induced to poke his inquisitive nose into a noose through his desire to smell the castoreum with which the trapper smears the bait.

Marten is caught in a small steel trap, baited with a fish head or piece of fresh meat. Fisher is taken in much the same way; so is the fox.

A strong steel trap is buried in the snow on the otter's slide, or else under water at the bottom of it.

Beaver is taken in many ways. Sometimes the door of his lodge is blocked up and the roof broken in, the whole family being destroyed; at other times a trap is placed under water where he is in the habit of gliding into the river or pond. Though the beaver lives under water a great deal, yet he must have air, and on his pond he keeps several holes in the ice open all winter. Sometimes the trapper plugs these up, and, as the beaver dashes about in the water, coming up to the ice in a vain search for air, his pursuer stuns him by a sharp blow on the ice above his head. The beaver, with all his sagacity, is rather stupid about a trap, not recognizing it as a dangerous thing; but if his sensitive nostrils detect the slightest odor of his natural enemy, man, about where it is set, he will not be caught. That is why the trap is usually placed in water, and set from a canoe.

Strychnine is a strong factor in fur winning: the poisoned bait is in general use, though contrary to law. For many of the animals it must be very cautiously inclosed in meat or they will not touch it. The Indians seldom use it; it is an affair of latter-day civilization. This Borgia-like plan of destruction pertains more to the way of the white man and his half-blooded brother, the breed. Half-starved train dogs have an unfortunate habit of picking up the deadly meat; and, to an Indian, having his dogs poisoned is very like a prairie traveler being set afoot through the death of his horse.

Bears and wolves are shot or caught in huge, double-spring steel traps; but the wolves are also poisoned—when they can be induced to "rise to the fly."

An Indian, when he kills a bear or other animal, will not bring the head or claws with the skin. He considers it "bad medicine" to do so; he fears his luck will depart. As a rule, no price will tempt him to break this resolve; the head is left to propitiate one of their three gods, probably Matchi Manitou, the Bad Spirit—either him or Wie-sah-ke-chack.

The Stony Indians, having acted much as guides to white hunters, are different. Their home is along the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, west of Calgary. They are probably the best Indian hunters of wild game on the American continent. Where a Big Horn can go, there will venture a Stony.

Last autumn, while hunting in the Rockies, I saw an old grizzly which had levied on the flocks and herds near Rocky Mountain Gap for fifteen years; he was even credited with having given a quietus to two or three men. His teeth and claws were well worn, and he was of a huge structure.

While I was there this old resident was killed by a Stony Indian boy, fourteen years old, with a muzzle-loading trade gun. The bullet went through the top of Grizz's skull, fired from a ledge of rock not ten feet above his resting place.

Luckily the good sense of the Stonies prevailed against ancient custom, and the huge head and striped claws are still on the skin.

The taking of the musk-ox is an arduous contract; cold and hunger and exposure are the lot of the men who go after them. Living in barren grounds, well within the Arctic Circle, to the north and northeast of Great Slave Lake, their dreary fastness will preserve them from extermination. Their home is a wilderness of rock and moss, barren of tree growth. The hunter who seeks them must take with him, in his carryall drawn by dogs, fuel to boil the kettle. It is many days' journey from the timber limit to their feeding grounds; snow blizzards and a temperature of sixty degrees below zero make it a perilous undertaking.

The thick coat of the musk-ox renders him indifferent to cold, and the moss is his food. It is somewhat of a consolation to know that there is at least one animal, harmless and beautiful, safe from the inroads of the destroyer, so far as his utter annihilation is concerned.

There come out annually at least five hundred robes, in spite of the difficulties attending the hunt.

Owing to the superstitious objection of the Indian it is impossible to bring out a live musk-ox. They fear that if that is done these animals will disappear as did the buffalo. A few specimens for mounting—hide, skull and horns, shinbones and hoofs—are obtained annually; probably under a dozen. As these must be brought out on dog-sleds the great weight is a decided objection to the business. A well-set-up bull musk-ox head, with long, silky, black beard, Roman nose, large, full eye, beautifully curved horns close hugging the forehead, is a grand trophy—a magnificent possession for a man of taste. Such a head is worth close upon $200.

Though 500 musk-ox seem a goodly number marked for destruction each year, yet as many buffalo were often killed in a single day before the years of their extermination.

Even now, that grand old patriarch of the animal kingdom, the buffalo, who is but a true bison, lives close to the haunts of the musk-ox, fairly safe in the protection of his wooded home. All too late, a rigorous law has been enacted for his protection.

With an embargo on liquor, it may well be understood that it is indeed a very precious fluid in the far North. A reputable man may secure a Government "permit" to take down five gallons—but what is five gallons when the North is ever athirst?

A whole chapter might be devoted to a comparative analysis of the two distinct races and their conjunction—the white man, the red man and the half-breed; or as they are spoken of in the West, white, black and pinto; pinto being derived from a mottle-colored horse.

There is not much to choose between a good white man and a good Indian; neither one will steal, and both will only lie a little in a harmless sort of way. The bad white man is

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Editor's Note—This is the second of two papers on this subject by Mr. W. A. Fraser. The first paper appeared last week.

A safe retreat in the Northland

decidedly worse than the bad Indian, because he knows of more vices, and is more accomplished in their execution. I have known scores of bad white men who would steal, but during six years amongst the Crees I never had anything stolen.

The half-breed has many of the white man's vices and many of the Indian's virtues. He goes in for religion as a matter of form rather than spiritual desire; that is because of his churchgoing ancestry. A French half-breed is born in the shadow of a church which commands observance; a Scotch half-breed—and there are many of this extraction in the North—has it bred in the bone to observe the Sabbath; also for the English descendants of a mixed union there are Church of England dignitaries in the most remote districts.

Improvidence the Keynote of Indian Life

The half-breed might properly be called a genealogical cocktail, for the admixture of Scotch, English, French, Cree, Blackfoot, and various other nationalities in his blood makes him a veritable pinto.

He loves liquor with the full fervor of the redskin, and he spends his money for it with the prodigality of an irresponsible nomad.

Generosity and the giving away of things is the keynote of his existence; when drunk he will make a potlatch of his personal possessions, and strive to embarrass the other fellow by giving him more than he can return in the way of gifts.

If he slays a bear he will call in his neighbors and they will eat bruin from nose to heel in a single night; a moose may last two days. If he has aught to eat in his possession it means that any one who comes along may eat it.

As with the Indian, he is socialistic in his ideas of property. This often leads to misconception on the part of the whites. When an Indian comes to a white man's door and asks for food, the paleface says he is begging; but he is not—judged from the red man's point of view. If he happened to be the one in possession of much food, given by his god, Manitou, and the white man went to his teepee hungry, he would feed the paleface—not as a charity, but as something that had been given him to divide. And so he is perpetually feeding his relatives and his friends and his neighbors. This may be all very stupid and very wrong on the part of the unwise savage, but his ways of thought and method of life have come down to him in just this shape from a few thousand years of ancestry who reasoned in the same foolish way, until his nature has become almost as unchangeable as that of the untamable wolf.

The Indian's honesty is not subject to a fear of detection, for a trapper may cache his food supplies anywhere in the forest or along the rivers, and no redskin would think of taking a single pound of the provender, even though he were hungry close to the edge of starvation. If his life depends upon a little food, he may take it from the cache, but he will leave furs or something of equal value in its place.

This germ of honesty has leavened even the half-breed; that so few thieves are to be found among them is a subject of much wonder, considering that often they are descended from unscrupulous adventurers.

Trying to Steal the Wool from a Breed's Head

Though theft is very rare, even amongst the breeds, I know of a case of attempted looting attributed to these gentry which nearly resulted in the stealing of a man—half negro, half Indian. That was at Fort Macleod in the old days.

Black Joe's father was a Southern negro; his mother a squaw. For years he has been a trusted Government interpreter to the Blood tribe. Tall, black, curly-haired, of magnificent physique, he is of remarkable appearance, and in his Wild West life it is natural that he should have had some close shaves. This is one of them.

In those days he was freighting furs to the Hudson's Bay Post at Fort Macleod. It was customary for the "freighters" to spend the night in the Company's storehouse, a log building. Joe, having brought in a load, was told by the factor that he might sleep in the fur warehouse. He did so, making his bed on a pile of buffalo robes.

Now it happened that a couple of men, supposed to be breeds, were in the habit of stealing robes from this storehouse in a manner altogether unique. Taking one of the old-fashioned muzzle-loader ramrods with a worm end, they would shove it through a big crack between the logs, screw the worm into a buffalo robe, and attach the ramrod to the pummel of their cayuse's saddle; then the rider would put spurs to his horse and the robe would be speedily jerked through between the logs.

The night of Joe's advent the serpentine screw wormed its way into the semi-darky's wool, which was of a strong curl and great thickness. He was tired, and men of the prairies sleep sound, so it did not wake him—just then.

The handler screwed it tight, whispered "Marsh!" to the horseman, who drove big rowels into the flank of his bronco. With a crash Joe's head struck a log; the opening was too narrow for his unshelling, and only a little black wool clung to the dangling ramrod that zipped through the night air.

This awoke the sleeper, and the warehouse became possessed of noises like unto the turmoil of a zoo at feeding time.

The two men went away.

In the Indian language there are no blasphemous oaths, though there is much indelicate abuse.

The half-breed fairly revels in the profane vocabulary of the white man; he has incorporated it all, and his conversation is interlarded with decorative adjectives to a painful degree. He likes to play at being tough; to be known as a "bad man" is unction to his soul.

When liquor is plentiful he primes himself for this rôle. In its absence he drinks pain-killers, "ready reliefs," eau de cologne—even red ink. Then he swaggers: his cowboy hat is slouched down over one ear, and he prowls about looking for men who can fight; he can't—very well, for he lacks sand and dislikes to be pummeled, but he wishes people to think he can.

Most of the old H. B. C. factors were sturdy Scotchmen; brave and full-muscled—finding their amusement in athletic games, exhausting dances and deep potations. To their breed descendants have come down a great many of these things: the big physical development, a general excellence in foot races, "putting the shot," "tossing the caber," jumping. Even the Scotch names—Colin, Malcolm, Angus, Donald, Hugh—are prevalent amongst the half-breeds.

Pisquapita (Hair in Knot), Cree Indian, Calgary

These parti-colored men constitute the outer wash of the wave of civilization. Steadily westward and northward they trek, squat on land, play at farming and stock raising a little, diversified by much fur killing, and when true agriculture invades their locality they trek again. They are almost as nomadic as the Indians.

The interiors of their shacks bear witness to a shiftless improvidence. When a window is broken an old coat is shoved into the shattered pane. Much-leisured as they are, they have no time to make chairs; the ever-prevalent casette (wooden trunk) is pulled up to the dinner-table as a seat. Their harness, wagons and machinery bleach in the sun and soak in the rain.

As river boatmen they are unsurpassed. It is but a dog's life at best; cold, and wet, and exposure, and long hours, and a veritable dog's toil on the tracking line—with, perhaps, days of idleness in between trips; but to these people of mixed origin this is preferable to steady, grinding, day-after-day work. Of a verity, the half-breed is an unformed, six-foot boy.

The use for the Indian is fast ceasing; and into his home, his forest and prairie home, that was his for generations, civilization is edging.

Even the furred dwellers in the forest lands are passing as has passed the monarch of the prairie. White faces, often the scum of Europe or Central Asia, are steadily setting toward the far corner of the North American continent where still homes the best that is left of the Indian races.

The red man yet regards the land as his. Treaties that have been thrust upon him, the fact that he has sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, being forced to because of hunger, make no change in this firm-rooted knowledge. When the white man objects to his nomadic, shiftless ways, he retorts:

"Who asked the paleface to come here? I did not. I was happy and well fed in this land which was my father's. He has destroyed my people with his firewater; he has brought all kinds of disease to the teepees of my tribe; he has taken the prairies with their countless herds of fat buffalo, and the forests which were alive with furred animals; and if he gives me food at all it is but a small dole, and the stomachs of my people are flat and lean. He drives me from his door with a curse if I ask for more. When the paleface first came amongst my brethren we fed him, and allowed him to prosper as we would one of our own: now he has taken it all, and we are outcasts."

That this is all true makes no difference; the Indian *is* an outcast: and it is said of him, with the white man's untruthfulness, that the only good Indian is a dead Indian.

Yellow Sky's Arraignment of the Paleface

Here is a true tale of a red man's philosophy. Yellow Sky, an aged Blood Indian, came to the tent of a white man who had a heart that could understand his talk. This is what the venerable patriarch, who was but a child, said:

"My heart is heavy and I am sad. In my young days, from where I sit I could see my tribe all over the prairie. They trampled the yellow flowers, and the blue flowers, and the flowers that are like a woman's cheek, into the thick grass as they walked.

"To the south were the big-horned elk; to the east were the sweet-fleshed antelope; here, and to the north, were buffalo, until the prairie trembled with their gallop. Our horses were like the buffalo—they were that many. We sent our young men out to the east, and they came back and said they had seen many white men. We sent our young men off to the south, and they saw that there also were palefaces in great numbers. In the west the Stonies, brother Indians, told us of many white faces; and in the north the blue-eyed people were coming from over seas."

Then Yellow Sky, making a circle with his thumbs and forefingers joined together, continued:

"They were like that—a circle; and my people were in the centre. Then they kept closing in, in, in"—and Yellow Sky narrowed, as he spoke, the loop of his thumbs and fingers—"and my people were becoming less and less, in the land that was growing smaller, and smaller, and smaller, and now they are but a tiny bunch; and all about are the palefaces, and soon it will be this way—Ph-i-t-t!" And with a swish the old Indian swept one hand over the other, and he had closed out the circle and there was nothing.

"Yes, White Brother," he added, folding his blanket about his shoulders, "my heart is heavy—my poor people, my poor people!"

In all this there is food for deep thought. The al fresco poetry of the New World seems merging into the clank of machinery. Our song birds are passing. We have taken what is left of the buffalo and placed them behind fences in our zoological gardens, and Nature sighs wearily, petulantly, at our futile efforts that are too late.

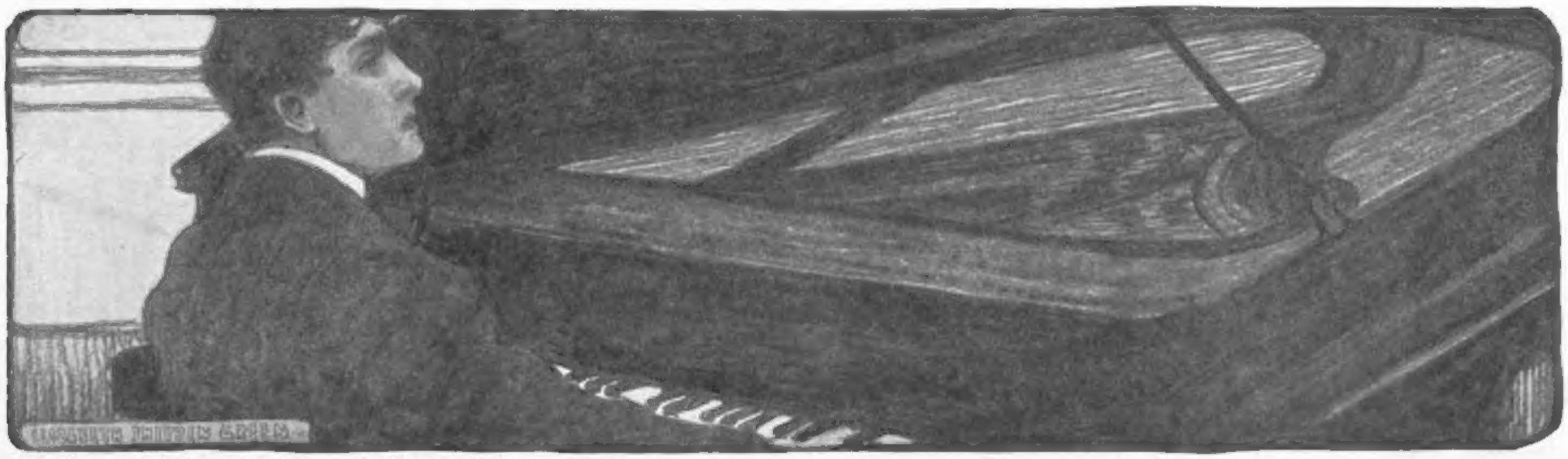
We have ploughed up the red man's lawn, and walled him in ill-ventilated industrial schools, where he learns the things that are as useless to him as a horse collar to a zebra, and he mates with pneumonia and dies.

We have stripped the furred dwellers of the forest and put their raiment upon our backs because of vanity, and to the end that the hardihood of our ancestors may pass quickly from us; but we are agents of civilization, and what shall one man say against the many?

Advance Agents of Civilization

ONE of the most curious phases of the homesteading industry is exhibited by settlers—and there are a good many such—who are perpetually unsettled. They will secure a promising farm, fence it in, begin breeding pigs and chickens, and then, without any apparent reason, will pull up stakes and depart with all their belongings to some other locality, which they imagine to be more eligible. Some of these people have actually traveled several times from the Mississippi River to California and back, and they are so numerous that the term "wagon children" has been accepted in the language as descriptive of those who have been brought up in wheeled vehicles.

Professor Thompson, of the United States Geological Survey, says that he had a man twenty-four years of age in his employ at one time, who stated that he had never slept in an ordinary bed in his life, having been kept continually on the move in this fashion.



Still half unconsciously the Master sat down before it, and let his fingers wander dreamily over the keys

After the Concert

By Carmen Sylva
(Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania)

THE Master's great work had just been performed under his own direction. There was a full orchestra, and the audience numbered two thousand. The enthusiasm was indescribable! Flowers and laurel wreaths were showered upon the great composer, the frantic crowd almost stormed the little platform where he stood to conduct, and made his arm ache with the violent hand-shaking forced upon him. Women shed tears and men applauded vociferously. It was a complete triumph, a scene of delirious excitement. Only one person was not satisfied, only one felt no inclination to rejoice, and that was the Master himself. He felt, instead, a sudden oppression—almost a nervous disquietude—at his heart. He was suffering from the lassitude and nausea which inevitably set in when that which one has worked at for years in the sanctuary of one's own study, and carried about even longer in the still more inviolable sanctuary of one's heart, is for the first time produced in public. It is given up to the public and they understand it as they can and will, but never as the Master intended it.

To-day the Master felt keenly that the electric current which he had counted on was missing. Those very passages which were to him the finest and most important were coldly received. And at this he felt a mist pass before his eyes, hiding the music-score from him, and slowly enveloping the whole orchestra. There is always a reaction from the nervous strain and fatigue of the work itself, and of the rehearsals, and a feverish impatience to turn from it to the new work already planned in his brain, which is to be so much finer than the last! And there one has to stand and let one's self be applauded and congratulated, when one would so much rather be at home—alone in one's own little sanctum, alone with the Muse, alone in the atmosphere of sweet sound, that seems always to prevail there.

And yet to-day the Master felt that he could not go straight home when all was over. The agitation was still too great from all the emotions he had undergone, all the impressions received. He wished to be alone—and the next minute he could not bear the loneliness. That he was expected at a great banquet, to be given in his honor, had utterly escaped him. He wandered about restlessly in the empty streets, trying in vain to rid himself of the horrible sensation of nausea that sat like a nightmare on him—then, scarcely conscious of what he did, he returned to the concert-room.

The lights were all extinguished; only the moon shone in, and its rays lighted up everything so brightly, wherever they fell, that the surrounding darkness seemed all the deeper by the contrast. Numbers of instruments, carefully shut in their cases, were still lying about. The piano seemed to have been forgotten, for it had been left open.

Still half unconsciously the Master sat down before it, and let his fingers wander dreamily over the keys. And as he did so the whole weight of his soul-sickness and weariness seemed to slip from him, like an actual burden falling from his shoulders to the floor. The nightmare had gone; he could breathe again. And he played on and on; he tried over again certain passages which had fallen short of his expectations, which had borne quite a different signification to himself. But involuntarily he soon left this piece, which now in reality lay behind him, and went on improvising. He had a new and marvelous project in his mind, a vast conception of which he had not yet spoken to any one, and he was seeking expression for it.

All at once he thought he heard a gentle tap. He looked around, but there was nobody to be seen. He thought he must have been mistaken, but again there was a rap behind him, and now, when he turned, he saw that the case of the first Cello was opening slowly and it sounded as if footsteps came stealthily down into the hall. There was a fresh rapping, and this time it was the first Violin that left its case, and then the two Bass Viols came out together, arm in arm, supporting one another, as if they were not quite sober. The Flute came hopping along in the maddest style all over the benches and music-stands, giggling and balancing itself on its one leg, as if it were inventing a new dance. The Violas walked along at a majestic pace, the French Horn summoned its comrades in rather boisterous style, at which the Bassoon grew slightly cross, and muttered something about the unbearable noise. The Big Drum gave one sharp beat, and then began rolling in a mysterious and spectral fashion as if it would wake the dead. Little by little the whole orchestra seemed to be aroused, and now began many whispered conversations, scraps of which the Master overheard and was much amused at. For he discovered that the instruments themselves had been criticising him the whole time, and that they had much more to say than the human beings. Each instrument spoke of the special difficulties of its own part, which it naturally thought the chief feature in the whole performance. It was really very amusing to hear them. The first Violins had a great deal to say—they wanted to be praised for their tone; and when the Bassoon told them that they had no tone, they fell upon the musicians for not knowing how to play them as they ought to be played.

"We will show what we can do when we are left to ourselves," cried the indignant Violins, "and when no stupid men are there to spoil us with their clumsiness!"

"And we should like to play entirely true at last!" sighed the Horns.

"That remains to be seen!" growled the Bassoon.

"And I will play a solo!" screamed the Piccolo in her thin little voice, but the others put her down at once as a forward, impertinent minx; they all disliked her for perpetually trying to make her voice heard above the rest.

"I will show you what a solo should be!" said the Cello almost to himself, while the Double-bass paid court to the Violin, telling her she was the Prima Donna, and that the whole Orchestra was in reality only there for her. But the Violin did not find the Double-bass very interesting, and turned her back on him somewhat curtly.

They were all walking about of their own accord; it was very funny to see how they moved—just like very slim or very stout people. The Double-bass had quite a solemn air, the Trombone stalked along bolt upright, carrying its head very high, on account of the prominent part it played in sacred concerts. The Trumpets were a little bit vulgar; they swaggered and boasted of their connection with the army, and were therefore dreadfully looked down upon by the Violins. Only the Harp stood quite still, waiting dreamily to see what the others would do. The Cellos waddled about, portly and important. They were the actual leaders on whose thoroughness the proper execution and ultimate success of every concerted piece must depend. They were fully aware of this, but kept their counsel, lest it should irritate the Violins. By degrees they all took their places, but not in quite the same order as usual.

"Do not quarrel, children," the Big Drum called out, "or I shall have to let you see what I can do. I will beat such a roll for you as will deafen you all. You little know the strength I have."

The Violins had in truth already begun to quarrel with the others, complaining that they were too crowded for the really brilliant execution they were bent on, and that they wished to show for once what they could do.

"Now, then, a little moderation, please!" grumbled an old Viola. "There are more of us here who would like to have our solos, and be heard, too."

"What, you?" sneered the Violins, turning up their noses.

"Attention!" shouted the Big Drum. "I am going to beat time, and whoever makes a false start will have to pay a forfeit!"

"What forfeit?" tittered the Flutes, and one of them drew herself out to her full length. "Pray let us hear what sort of forfeit you propose."

"It shall be to invent a solo, quite different from anything that has ever yet been played, in a new key, that has never been heard before, and that yet is perfectly harmonious, and with variations that it would puzzle the devil himself to play."

The Master listened attentively. What would be the result of all this? But who shall describe his feelings as the instruments struck up, with such delicacy and precision, as if all the greatest Masters in the world were playing them, as if the most renowned performers, whom one only hears as stars, had all seated themselves in the orchestra!

Each instrument spoke of the special difficulties of its own part

For it seemed to him that he saw sitting there all the musicians of bygone days

And what was it they played? His own new symphony—the work of which he had not yet breathed a syllable—the work that was to contain his best thought—the outpouring of his inmost soul—here found expression! The listener stood entranced, and big tears stole slowly down his cheeks at this realization of his most cherished dreams. Never had he thought it possible—and never, never surely again, would it be granted him to hear his own ideas thus divinely interpreted. There was a pause, in which the performers deliberated about their improvisation, and the Master received from them many valuable hints about the treatment of those passages with which he was himself least satisfied.

The Horn had introduced a solo that was a masterpiece, and in its purity and softness almost rivaled the Violins. The obligato for the Viola was simply a revelation. And one and all they had found out perfectly new harmonies. The listener marveled at the wondrous intuition with which they appeared to seize the exact shade of meaning he intended to convey—even at times, by some subtle touch, lending a richness and fullness to the musical phrase beyond all he had dreamt of. Was that his own work, the masterly employment of counterpoint in fugues and canons?

Again they paused to collect themselves. The Master trembled, for now came the adagio, into which he had put his whole soul, and on the worthy rendering of which his life's happiness seemed to be staked. He trembled—they were not going to play it? But yes—they had begun the movement, and it was of such surpassing loveliness that the listener would have fallen on his knees in ecstasy had he not feared by the slightest movement to disturb the flow of melody. But his heart throbbed with every vibration, recognizing its own utterances in these heavenly tones. And as his glance swept around the hall, he realized that it was no longer empty. There in the moonlight sat an audience. In the next pause he looked around again more carefully and well-nigh swooned in excess of wonder and delight. For it seemed to him that he saw sitting there all the musicians of bygone days—Weber, and Gluck, and Spohr, and Bach, and Handel, too; and there was Chopin, and not far off Schubert and Schumann, and then Mozart and Beethoven! There were many whose faces were unknown to him, but that they were Masters was shown sufficiently by their attitude and by the earnest intensity of look and gesture. And as he looked across to the orchestra again he saw that it was peopled with all the greatest virtuosi—Vieuxtemps, and Paganini, and other incomparable artists, sat at every instrument! He could not believe his eyes; could it be that all his earthly idols were assembled here in such close contact—that he had but to put out his hand to touch them!

With the first notes of the scherzo began a fairy-dance, such as Mendelssohn might barely have imagined, with melodies exquisite as Schumann's sweetest fancies.

Then like a hurricane let loose they dashed into the finale. It was as though a mighty whirlwind swept over sea and land, stirring the ocean from its depths, till the crests of the billows touched the sky, and Heaven and Earth laughed together in unison. Wilder and wilder swelled the tempest, and the sonorous blast of the wind-instruments mingled with the yearning wail of the strings, as they vied with one another in their mad pace, in their furious onslaught. Suddenly, at its height, the storm subsided; its fierce cries were hushed to a whisper. No discord and plaudits broke that lull—only an occasional sign from one or other of the spirit audience called for the repetition of some theme, bidding the ghostly players quicken the tempo here, or give to the movement there a more melting intonation. And the least hint was acted on, the slightest wish obeyed.

By what mysterious means, through what occult channel the communication was effected, was beyond the ken of the solitary mortal in that weird assembly. But he was in his own person conscious that some such medium existed, for the unspoken suggestions of the audience seemed to flash upon his brain at the very moment when they were taken up and translated into sound by the musicians. Seated over there, in the shadow of his corner by the piano, with these glorious strains surging around him, it might well seem to the Master that he was scarcely longer a creature of flesh and blood, so far did he feel himself removed from all earthly things. And but an hour ago he had doubted his own talent, had called himself a failure, a mere bungler—all the hard names one calls one's self in the moment of disgust and despair at an unachieved ideal! And now it appears that he had been cared for and watched over all this while by those whom his soul most reverenced—that the best and greatest had not disdained to lend him aid—that Mozart had whispered melodies to him, and Bach had taught him harmonies! His heart was overflowing.

The last measures drew to a close, the last chords of the orchestra died away on the air. Then suddenly new sounds arose, faint and indistinct at first, but gradually gathering strength and fullness. Just as the tiny murmur of the sea-shell produces the ripple of far-off waves, so the chant of a seraphic choir seemed to steal to the Master's ear from within the instrument upon which he was leaning. What were these voices that echoed within his own soul like a rhapsody, in words that grew every instant more distinct? "Work on, and have no fear! Give vent to all the great thoughts in thee! Be not daunted by coldness or rebuffs. We, thy good angels, who have shared thy vigil this night, will never leave thee. We have shown thee—have let thee hear for once the perfect rendering of that which thy genius would fain achieve. Listen to its promptings, and let thy spirit soar higher and higher on the wings of Music! Write quickly now, ere thou forget the lessons of this night!"

There before him lay within reach a pile of music-paper. He pulled it toward him, drew from his pocket a pencil, and began to write. Never had his hand flown with such feverish haste over the paper; it was as if it were impossible to keep pace with the thoughts that streamed from his brain. But were these indeed his own thoughts? Was there not rather some voice dictating to him? Were not his fingers guided—was he a free agent, or merely the mouthpiece for something much greater than himself? He wrote on and on, mechanically, and must have fallen asleep while writing, for when he awoke it was broad daylight, and the fingers still held the pencil, while before him, carefully written, lay the whole work. It was all ready for instrumentation, and the recollections of the night were still fresh and vivid in him, to help him with that. He must have been writing in his sleep all through the night—or had his friends from the spirit-world done the work for him? He rubbed his eyes, and contemplated the scattered sheets of paper, wondering.

A noise at the door aroused him from his reverie. It was the musicians returning to the concert-room to take away their instruments, and they started in surprise to find him there, and stared at the pile of paper lying at his feet.

"Yes, I have been writing something," he said in answer to their astonished and inquiring looks.

They told him that they had waited for him at the banquet and had sought him at his own home, and that at last they had been obliged to content themselves with drinking his health in his absence. He scarcely heard what they said—he was still lost in the remembrance of that night of wonders.

The musicians stood amazed as they came nearer and realized the work he had accomplished in those hours. "It is marvelous!" they exclaimed. "How could you find the strength, after all you had just gone through, to finish in one night what it would have taken others six weeks to do?"

"I was not alone; the Masters helped me," he was on the point of saying, but he knew they would not understand, so he only smiled, and kept his secret to himself.

He went home, and the sight of his little dwelling filled him with emotion, for he knew that it was often honored with the presence of those whom he had most revered and loved. Henceforth it would be sacred in his eyes, this modest abode into which such noble guests did not disdain to enter, and an outburst of joy and gratitude was now heard within the walls that had too often echoed his complaints and sighs. He opened the piano, and a flood of melody poured forth from it. There seemed no limits to the inspiration that had taken hold of him—no bounds to the riches in his heart and brain.

People often wondered to see the Master so lighthearted, for his path in life had been thorny, and thus far his portion had been chiefly poverty and heartache. Now he was content, whatever happened, and, when material prosperity came to him as well, he was as free and open-handed with his worldly goods as he had ever been with the creations of his genius.

The experience of that one night was never repeated. More than once it could not be granted to any one, but the once sufficed for an entire lifetime. What need to call up again that which is always with one, of which the presence cheers and warms one's heart till death? And never again could the Master doubt his own powers. He knew who they were who watched over him and lent him their aid.

—while before him, carefully written, lay the whole work

"Silk Stockings" in Politics By Honoré Palmer

Alderman Honoré Palmer

REASONS why men of wealth and established business and social position should take an active personal part in practical politics are easier to find than excuses by which they may justify a failure to embrace such responsibilities.

Until recently there had been a large amount of theory and little practice along this line. Finally, however, reiterated truisms on the duties of citizenship are bearing practical fruit. This fact may be taken as a sufficient justification for a review of the arguments involved in this interesting problem, giving fresh zest to what might otherwise appear a somewhat threadbare discussion.

For the large and more tempting political positions there has never been a lack of candidates having at their command all the advantages and allurements that money and position could offer. This has been well enough as far as it has gone, but it has resulted in leaving to men of little or no property interests those minor and less attractive political positions in which men of large business responsibilities could render the greatest practical service to their communities. Men who could not be tempted to take a hand in "small politics" have been eager to serve constituencies in the United States Senate, the National House of Representatives, the executive mansions of their commonwealths, and other places of unquestioned dignity and importance which would add to, rather than detract from, their social standing and enjoyments. It may safely be taken for granted, however, that few of these men would have either the hardihood or the humor to claim that the main motive impelling them to accept such marked political honors was that of a simple and unadulterated regard for their duty as American citizens. In many instances of this kind such a consideration may have been a minor element, but in most instances it has been overshadowed by the more selfish and compelling motive of personal ambition. Meanwhile those places involving, to the man of wealth, a distinct sacrifice of convenience, of immediate personal and material interests, of freedom for social pleasures and of immunity from unwelcome public attention, have gone begging, and have fallen largely into the hands of men having much to gain and nothing to lose through their political associations.

The Record of Blue Blood in City Politics

Very recently, however, there have been indications of a widespread movement to reverse this order of things and bring into local and municipal politics men of extensive material interests, who have been inclined to hold themselves aloof from personal activity in the field of local politics. Those who have been the real pioneers in this movement deserve especial credit, for they have had to bear the burden imposed by the long failure of men of their class to realize and perform their duty along these lines. I make this statement, however, with a distinct disclaimer of any such credit so far as I am personally concerned, and as a recognition of the work done by those who entered the field of ward politics before I had any direct interest therein.

Chicago's history, in this respect, is fairly typical of the history of many other American cities. It is scarcely too broad a statement to say that, up to 1896, the City Council in Chicago was absolutely in the hands of the gangsters. Its respectable members were hopelessly in the minority, and the title of alderman was regarded almost as a term of reproach. Few men who had a high regard for their personal reputation could be induced to enter the aldermanic lists. Such a course at that time involved numerous consequences from which any man of education and refinement naturally shrank. It demanded a sacrifice on every side, and nothing short of a stern sense of duty could impel a man in good standing to go into the Council and accept the odium and notoriety which attached to the association of the municipal legislature.

When gang rule reached its height several young men of recognized standing in the community determined to carry the fight for cleaner politics into the Council chamber. They aroused public sentiment in their wards, and after bitter contests defeated gang rule and secured election. They were "thoroughbreds," and consistently fought every corrupt measure and movement that came under their keen observation.

Their courageous stand was a revelation to the whole city, and to their business and social friends in particular. Among those who patted the new so-called "silk stocking" aldermen on the back and applauded their "nerve" were a dozen or more intimate social friends who were equally fortunate in their educational, material and social standing. To these the young city fathers at once replied, in Scriptural language, "Go, and do thou likewise." There was no escape from the logic of this appeal, and its result was other spirited contests in ward politics and the election of more so-called "silk stocking" aldermen.

Every man of this class who was sent to the Council was what the college man defines as a "thoroughbred," using the term in its best significance. They were keen, energetic and fearless men who had no nonsense about them. Though they did not go about with chips on their shoulders they were not afraid of a fight in the interests of the public good, and whenever they saw a bad "deal" they struck out straight from the shoulder.

The record made by these pioneer "silk stocking" aldermen of Chicago is not only the strongest refutation of the arguments commonly brought against the political advancement of men of this class, but it also affords the most convincing proof of the soundness of such a procedure.

City Fathers that are Like Caesar's Wife

The first thing which these men demonstrated was the fact that they were absolutely above temptation. Their own fortunes were so ample that the offer of a bribe was an absurdity not to be entertained by the boldest or the most bungling lobbyist. The latter might theoretically hold that every man had his price, and that the "silk stockings" could be reached if only the proper way of approach were known; but the fact remained that those who were eager to bring these councilmen within the sone of their influence were totally at a loss for any plausible method of approaching them and that they consequently abandoned the task. For this reason, the phrase "above temptation" is peculiarly applicable.

Many critics of this modern movement to interest young men of fortune in municipal politics urge that the extent of their property holdings is bound to bias their judgment and conduct and make them the representatives of the rich, of "vested rights" and of corporate greed. What have been the results along this line of the Chicago experiment in sending "silk stocking" aldermen to the City Council?

This position of unswerving impartiality and integrity in all matters involving selfish interests has been consistently maintained by all the young men of wealth and position who have been elected to the Common Council from the very beginning of the present movement. They have uniformly and jealously placed the good of the whole community before the prosperity of any and all selfish interests. This fact is so well established in Chicago that it is not in danger of contradiction from their most violent and unscrupulous enemies. And this will be the case whenever men of this character and calibre are intrusted with similar public and official responsibilities, because these men hold their reputations more dear than they do the dividends on their investments.

It should be clearly understood that a high regard for his reputation should never be allowed to deprive any official of the courage of his convictions, and in this sense he should be indifferent to adverse public comment. This independence of action, however, need never conflict with keeping his good name unspotted by any suspicion of doubtful methods or self-interest.

The same considerations of personal and family pride impel him to make a good record in promoting good measures as well as in defeating bad ones. This is human nature and contains an element of selfishness, but it makes for the public good and is to be preferred to the mercenary motive which actuates the official "grafter."

Gentlemen that are Political Hustlers Also

Another objection which has been repeatedly brought forward against the so-called "aristocratic" candidates for municipal office is the charge that men of this class will not be easily accessible to their humbler constituents; that they will be inclined to conduct their official affairs somewhat upon social lines, not caring to condescend to give their attention to the small interests of the poor as would a "man of the people." Again let it be asked: What is the record of the "aristocratic" aldermen in this particular? Every man of them has left a record for approachableness, for good, sound democracy, for energy and faithfulness in little as well as big affairs, which the most zealous "hustlers" of the purely political stripe in the Council could not claim. Men whose fortunes mounted high in the hundreds of thousands were untiring in their efforts to satisfy every legitimate request brought to their attention by the poorest men in their wards. Nor did the applicants for their attention need to come armed with the recommendations of ward heelers or precinct captains to secure the services of these aldermen. No introduction or "pull" was required or desired, and all that the humblest resident in their wards needed was a just and reasonable cause. Their active assistance was cheerfully given as service due, not as a favor doled out to be ever after held over the head of the suppliant as a political debt to be canceled by support at the primaries and polls.

Two natural and logical reasons account for the fact that the poor people received from the "silk stocking" aldermen more faithful and energetic attention to their individual appeals for service than was given them by councilmen who made a business of politics. One is that the men of fortune and position had the leisure to devote practically their whole time to the legitimate needs of the residents of their wards. Their time was their own, and they were not under the necessity of earning a living by their own labor or of devoting their energies to schemes for "grafting" an income by the leverage of their official positions. Then they were awake to the fact that they were peculiarly liable to be suspected of aristocratic notions and methods. This naturally made them zealous to let their democracy of conduct toward all their callers be of so pronounced a type as to confound the suspicions of the most supersensitive. Such has been the record in Chicago, and it will be maintained generally by men of education, fortune and social standing who win their way into public office.

"Alderman" no Longer a Term of Reproach

Men who are accustomed to the handling of large property interests realize the responsibilities of management far more seriously than do those who have never carried burdens of this kind. They see large things in a big way and also grasp the importance of details. It is one thing to play with the money of others on the basis of indirect responsibility, and quite another to be trained in the management of one's own. For this reason the alderman or other public official who has shouldered the responsibility of handling large private material interests makes a more conservative and farsighted public servant than he whose chief qualification is the ability to drum up votes. This observation naturally leads to the conclusion that the ideal legislator is the business man who has made his fortune, retired, and is willing to give the public the benefit of his ripe experience, his sound judgment, his severe training in the school of large responsibility, and his desire to leave behind him a substantial reputation as a public benefactor. Next to a mature man of this kind, the choice must be that of younger men who have the same advantages of wealth and leisure, and even a greater incentive on the score of personal ambition. Their lack of experience and judgment is in part compensated by greater energy and keener fighting qualities.

What has already been accomplished in Chicago by the "silk stocking" aldermen and the incorruptible and fearless mayor who is their natural leader is the best possible argument as to the political duty of men who have leisure, wealth, education and social position. They have made the office of alderman one of respectability and honor instead of reproach. Is it not the duty of intelligent men everywhere to work for the same results in their own communities?

Not all of them need to enter the lists of candidates. This has been demonstrated by the work of the public-spirited men composing the executive board of the Municipal Voters' League, of Chicago, which has made possible, in large degree, the cleansing of the City Council, the defeating of bad men and the election of honest and able men. Like the aldermen who had nothing to gain by their political activities in the way of money, prestige or influence, these men have sacrificed their personal convenience for the sake of the public good. The influence of their example will be wide and wholesome. The movement for better politics by better men is daily growing, and it should be considered a privilege and duty to have a hand in promoting its progress.

An Ideal Country Estate

IN THE making of his country estate Mr. Harlow N. Higinbotham, of Chicago, has hit upon a plan which can scarcely fail to commend itself to American men of wealth who have something more than money to invest in country homes. It is an American idea which would make the rural retreat an expression of individual taste and sentiment instead of an artificial display of affluence.

Personal associations of the most intimate and tender sort, love of Nature and a refined sense of patriotism, form the theme from which this former country boy has elaborated his "sylvan symphony," as one visitor characterized the landscape of three thousand acres which its owner modestly calls "The Farm."

The element of association gives the keynote to the development of the estate. Its development began with the old farm, a few miles out from Joliet, where the millionaire merchant spent his boyhood. The little farmhouse, the old red mill, the rush-grown pond, the winding creek and the timbered uplands where, as a barefooted boy, its present owner romped and toiled, are the central objects which attract the eye. To his own homestead Mr. Higinbotham added the farm on which his wife spent her girlhood, and then he gradually acquired adjoining property. Then he called to his aid the services of a landscape gardener and a horticulturist.

With their coöperation has been carried forward the purpose of planting this tract with a typical American forest. Not until every tree, shrub and flower which belongs to this country and which can be made to thrive in the climate of Illinois has found a home in this estate will the plan of its proprietor be completed. More than this, the scheme includes artistic groupings of American flowers.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Mr. John Hare

Mr. Hare's Fountain of Youth

Mr. John Hare, the eminent English actor-manager, who has been touring America, says that the most delightful compliment he ever received was from Mr. Gladstone. It was a double-ended compliment; whichever way you took it, it was satisfactory.

Mr. Hare has invariably played the part of an old man, his character as Mr. Goldby in A Pair of Spectacles being a good example. Added to this he has a horror of having his picture taken.

Once he consented to have a flash-light picture taken after a performance in New York. The photographer waited until he was exhausted, after the last night of an engagement, and Mr. Hare, after some moments of hesitation, finally rushed out, called to the manager to bring the man in, and then dropped down in a chair. The photographer began to adjust the apparatus and Mr. Hare kept calling out: "Go on, go on! You take no end of a long time."

The photographer got so nervous and Mr. Hare so irritable that the flash-light was not a success. Mr. Hare saw the negative of the picture, threw up his hands, and said that he would never try it again.

Mr. Gladstone had never seen a picture of the actor, but he knew him well behind the scenes as well as before the footlights. The Premier's favorite play was A Pair of Spectacles, and he always went behind the scenes to chat a while with the actor. The really old man and the made-up old man would sit there and talk in the most delightful way for an hour after the show.

One day the Earl of Rosebery had Mr. Gladstone to dinner, and he also invited his friend, John Hare. The actor came in smooth-shaven, looking about thirty-five. He was presented to Mr. Gladstone, and the Prime Minister shook his hand most cordially, and said:

"My dear sir, I am very, very glad to meet you. I know your father very, very well. Splendid actor! Fine old man!"

It took the whole evening for the Earl and Mr. Hare to convince him that this son was really the father.

The Unexpectedness of Mr. Johnson

Mr. John G. Johnson, the Philadelphia corporation lawyer, who, it is said, was offered the Attorney-Generalship to succeed Mr. Griggs, is one of the men who have made money out of the law. His fees are among the largest in the country, and yet he has the reputation of being one of the fairest men in the profession in regard to the financial value of his services. He lives a quiet, unostentatious life, prefers to ride in the day coaches instead of the parlor cars on short journeys, walks everywhere in walking distance during the day's work, and cares little for the fashion in clothes. Most of his money is spent on fine pictures, as he has one of the notable private galleries in the East, and is considered one of the eminent art critics of the country.

Pictures are Mr. Johnson's luxury, both financial and mental; law is his passion. His intimates assert that he never works except for love of his case. He has the same staying powers in work as has the Secretary of War. Both men can remain at their desks from eight o'clock in the morning until one o'clock the next morning, having the simplest food brought to them at meal-times.

There is a young lawyer who is still amazed over the amount of one of Mr. Johnson's fees. This lawyer and his young partner have just had a very good case that would pay well if it were won. It was also one of their very first cases. A certain legal knot was a little too hard for them and they determined to consult Mr. Johnson about it. He gave them his judgment and they won the case. The fee was a good one from their clients, yet they realized that large as it was to them, it would just cover Mr. Johnson's fee for helping them. With the buoyancy of youth they decided it was far better for them to have won this case, which would give them some fame and experience, even though the money had to go to the great lawyer. They sent him a request for his bill. He answered at once. Inside the envelope was a strong letter of praise for their work in this case—and a bill for twenty-five dollars!

Campanari's Absence of Pretense

Mr. Guiseppe Campanari, the well-known baritone, was told a number of years ago when he first began to sing in opera at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, that no opera singer could maintain his hold on the public if he remained in America for the entire year. The theory given was that the singer lost the charm that absence and return are supposed to give those in public musical life. But Mr. Campanari remained in America, for he has a theory of his own, which is that a singer should live as quietly as possible, appearing before his audience to do his best, and then returning to his home. His belief is that it is neither distance nor absence, but seclusion, that lends enchantment, and that being too well known personally by a large circle destroys the illusion which should be maintained by those singing romantic rôles.

Mr. Campanari carries his views into practice, and in his every-day dress is unrecognized by a majority of the employees at the Metropolitan Opera House, in spite of the many seasons he has sung there.

After assisting in a recent presentation of I Pagliacci, which was followed by another opera, he went out into the house to hear the second part of the performance. An employee, finding he had no seat coupon, called him sharply to task and ordered him from a position he had taken behind one of the boxes.

Appreciating the situation the singer meekly started to go, whereupon a lady in one of the boxes started up and told the usher who it was that he was so rudely addressing.

"You only did your duty," said Mr. Campanari, in calm response to many apologies; and he heard the rest of the opera from behind the scenes.

In his quiet home in West Forty-fourth Street, Mr. Campanari devotes his spare time to his three children, two girls and a boy, directing their education with the assistance of Madame Campanari, who was a well-known German opera singer before her marriage. The younger of the daughters has a voice and bids fair to follow in her father's footsteps. The son has taken up the study of the violin.

During long tours, while his colleagues are sight-seeing in the cities visited, Mr. Campanari remains at his hotel and rests, in order to be fresh for the evening performance. On his return from an extended journey he always has a big bundle of views which, he wittily explains, "are photographs that I have seen of famous places."

The Man Who Killed the "Pork Bill"

Former United States Senator Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, who finished his Senatorial term a few weeks ago by spectacularly killing the $50,000,000 River and Harbor bill, and who has since been appointed by President McKinley as head of the St. Louis World's Fair Commission, is still only forty-six years old, but has had a varied career.

He was born in Ohio, received a common school education in Illinois, and gradually worked his way still farther westward till he reached Montana, acting as farmer, railroad man, school teacher and politician in turn. Although from such a distant and sparsely-settled part of the Northwest, he was chosen before he was forty years old to be Chairman of the Republican National Committee. He had already been Delegate from the Territory of Montana to Congress, and when the Territory became a State he was made its first Representative at Washington.

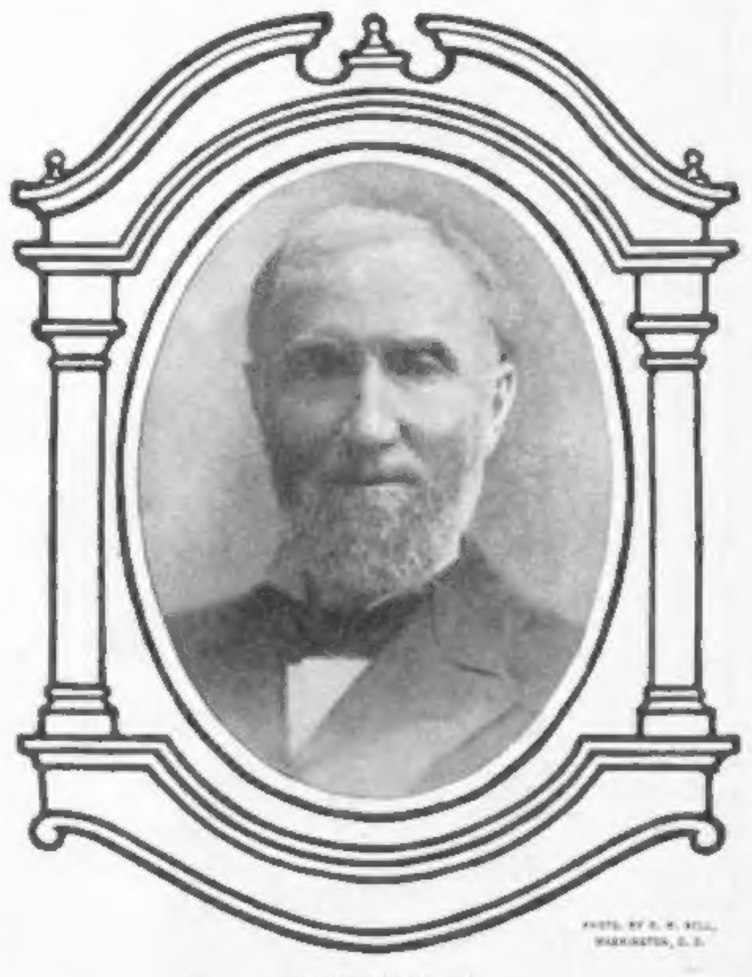
An incident of his service in the House of Representatives illustrates his aggressive nature. It was in the discussion of the McKinley Tariff bill in 1890, when various industrial interests were striving with might and main to secure benefits through duties on the importation of raw materials into this country.

Coming from a mining State Mr. Carter was very anxious to secure all the protection he could for his constituents, and he proposed a duty on lead ores imported from Canada and Mexico. The suggestion did not meet with sufficient demonstrations of approval to satisfy the Westerner, who began a speech in support of his claims for Montana.

His breezy style and rich humor caught the House and set every one laughing. Hardly stopping for breath he rushed on with his appeal, and—strange to say—the House began to listen closely as well as laugh.

Finally Mr. Carter turned to his chair, in the semi-concealment of which, under the broad-brimmed white hat which was a part of his picturesque make-up, were two large cylindrical rolls of paper. Grasping these he swept up the main aisle, talking all the way, to the semi-circular area in front of the Speaker's desk.

All eyes were on him now. Every one was on the qui vive for the climax of the eloquent Westerner's speech. Taking in each arm one of the huge petitions—for such they were—and approaching the first aisle on the Democratic side, he gave a mighty swing to his right arm and sent the great paper roll twisting and unwrapping itself down the aisle, while he held on to the free end. Turning as quickly to the other



Hon. Joseph G. Cannon

side of the chamber he gave a left-arm swing that likewise astonished the Republicans regarding the number of workers who had signed the petitions.

"There you are!" exclaimed Mr. Carter. "Thirty thousand men call for this legislation!" It is hardly necessary to add that he secured the protective duties desired.

A Joke Shot Off by Cannon

Congressman Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois, is one of the conspicuous men in the House of Representatives, and one of the quaint political characters of the country; always expected to say and do the unexpected. He has the reputation of being able to hit the bull's eye in an argument, and never tells a joke that doesn't have a sharp point bearing on the situation he is discussing.

Senator Cullom, of Illinois, and Congressman Cannon are good friends; both working loyally for the interests of their State. When the Senatorial race was on that resulted in the sending of Senator Cullom again to the Senate, it was widely rumored that Congressman Cannon would be nominated as a rival for the Senate against him.

In the midst of this political talk the Gridiron Club dinner was given in Washington. Most persons know of this remarkable dinner club; its rules of free speech and no newspaper reporting, and its creed of fun. No one, no matter how distinguished, is free from amiable attack at that dinner. Cabinet Ministers and Senators are among the distinguished men who eagerly accept invitations to it.

The usual distinguished party was at the particular dinner referred to. Senator Cullom and Congressman Cannon, who sincerely like to poke fun at one another, sat opposite each other. Congressman Cannon was called on for a speech, which he declined to make because he wasn't ready and was enjoying his dinner. The shouts then broke out that if he wouldn't make a speech, he must get up and give them a good reason why he didn't think himself a winning candidate for the Senatorship for Illinois.

"Certainly, gentlemen," he answered.

He arose to his feet, looked searchingly at every Senator present and then his gaze lingered fondly on Cullom. "Certainly," he repeated; "I am neither dignified nor dull."

'Twixt the Cup and Lipton

Sir Thomas Lipton has had plenty of good luck. He has made his millions while still in the prime of life; not too late to enjoy them, nor so early as to waste them. He came at the right time. Genius for organization was not always sure of recognition in England, but Sir Thomas is one of the men who have made their countrymen sigh, during the last year or two, for the placing of the great state departments under the control of the brilliant organizers of great businesses which their enterprise created. The Knight Commandership of the Royal Victorian Order, given by King Edward, early in his reign, to the great keeper of stores, is a sign, not only of Sir Thomas Lipton's popularity, but of a change in social attitude surely and swiftly taking place in Great Britain.

Sir Thomas stands six feet and an inch in height. His marked success as a merchant he attributes in great part to the training America gave him, and among his most healthful exercises he counts the quick ascent of the ladder of fortune. His message to America concerning the forthcoming yacht race will elicit a good will equal to that with which it is put forth. Sir Thomas looks still to America for his greenest laurel. He is sanguine of success, and yet fully aware that there's many a slip 'twixt the Cup and the Lipton.

She leaned her elbows on her knees

The Story of Her Marriage

By Ellen MacKubin

THERE was a large house-party at Newel Place for the first time since Valentine Newel had succeeded, after the death of his cousin, to the great fortune his grandfather had tried to turn aside from him. As the son of a marriage which was considered a *mésalliance* by his father's family, he had grown to manhood among his mother's people on a farm in Massachusetts. Therefore the world, to which his inheritance of the Newel millions transferred him, judged him discreet when, two years since, he had gone to Europe before submitting himself to its criticism.

That his motive was not a desire to gain social experience was, however, speedily proved by his neglect of letters of introduction given him for use in various foreign capitals; and upon his return it became evident that, though well educated and disposed to tread in the footsteps of his hospitable progenitors, he was lacking in that impalpable yet invaluable *savoir-faire* which his new acquaintances were half amused, half aghast, to miss in their host.

"He should take lessons from his butler in the use of his fish knife, and as to the manner of getting his guests away from the dinner-table," Van Alstyn grumbled. "We should probably have remained there all night if Mrs. Wharton had not made a move on her own responsibility."

"He will take his lessons on those and other points from me," Betty Gwynne declared. "I have been accepted as instructor by the poor fellow, who was so desperate about his shortcomings that he had sent to town for a book on etiquette!"

Van Alstyn pulled his mustache unsmilingly.

"Your aunt will cordially approve," he exclaimed.

Betty flushed, and met his reproachful glance with one which was wistful.

"I want you to understand," she began.

"Tell me, then," he murmured. "You know how much it is to me to believe that I—understand!"

She leaned her elbows on her knees, her chin on her clasped hands, and the boyish attitude was not ill suited to certain details of her attire—the leggins, the golf coat and the broad-brimmed felt hat. But the smile on her delicate lips was essentially feminine.

"I have seen a good deal of him since we have been here, and it is not only in manners that he differs from the rest of us," she said. "We went for a ride this morning. He is more at home in the saddle than anywhere else——"

"A reminiscence of the farm!"

She frowned. "You are not to sneer if you wish to hear our bargain—and it is original enough to be worth hearing."

"I am dumb."

"If you were anybody else you should swear to that dumbness!" she exclaimed; "but I trust to your future silence for my sake."

He bent and lifted the edge of her golf coat to his lips.

"That reply would never have occurred to him!" she laughed, though she flushed again. "His methods are abrupt rather than graceful. Well! we naturally grew confidential after a splendid gallop. He said that his horses were what he valued most among his new possessions, and I suggested that he should rank some of his new friends higher. He answered that he had found no new friends, merely critical acquaintances. His eyes were as honest, as clever, as a dog's—or mongrel's, for, of course, he is a mongrel, and they are cleverer than the uncrossed breeds." She paused, linked her hands behind her head and gazed away over the brown countryside of the mild December afternoon.

"I declared that he might have me for a friend on certain conditions," she continued presently. "He said that he understood those conditions without mention of them, and that they need be no obstacle to our friendship, as, though quite aware of the desire of our mutual relations for our marriage, he knew also *my* determination against it—and shared my opinion."

She paused once more, so long that Van Alstyn prompted her. "What next? You have not the air of thinking him rude!"

"Not rude, but a little rough. He assured me that he would never ask me to marry him, and that, if he could imagine I should accept him, he would be even less likely to ask me than now, when he is convinced that I should refuse him—because——"

Again she paused and Van Alstyn repeated eagerly: "Because?"

"Because he loves me, and could not endure to be my husband unless I loved him."

Van Alstyn laughed unsteadily. "There must exist an unsuspected dramatic quality in Massachusetts farm life! What did you respond?"

"Nothing," she said, rising. "He cut short possible reply by doing what I am going to do now. He walked off, and I remained—as you will remain now—to think over our conversation."

Having thus made a good exit, she yielded to feminine instinct for further detail.

"I saw him again just before luncheon," she resumed. "We met in the corridor and I held out my hand. You would have kissed it," she parenthesized, with two charming dimples. "He held it so tight that my rings hurt me! 'We are both rather friendless,' I said, 'from the equally excellent reasons that you are too rich and I too poor. So, if you like, we will be friends on the understood terms.'"

"And he?"

"He muttered something which meant consent. Then we sat in the bow window until the gong sounded, and I promised to coach him—as I told you."

Van Alstyn sighed. There was a melancholy on his handsome countenance which became it well.

"I am sorry for him," he said softly; "almost as sorry as I am for myself!"

Upon which the conversation grew strictly personal, and ended, as anything like variance was wont to end between them, by her profession of regret for having wounded feelings whose sensitiveness was a perpetual wonder to her more callous nature.

Yet, as she reflected, while she sat staring into her bedroom fire when she should have been dressing for dinner, Van Alstyn's position was harder to bear with courage than her own. He was as penniless as she, unable to earn more than a pittance in the bank of a wealthy uncle, and condemned by his honor to utter no word of his love for herself—or only a half word when, partly by her fault, his feelings overcame his discretion.

She was often vexed with him—unjustly, she thought, with tears which nobody ever saw in her brave eyes. But she liked him so well that this liking had taught her the impossibility of marrying without love.

Yet she knew that her destiny, as decided in the family councils, was a mercenary marriage, and, though she was too young, too pretty, too certain of other opportunities to be coerced for those she threw aside, she knew that some day the limits of her freedom would be reached, and a matrimonial persecution would begin whose end she dared not contemplate. For a conservative education had not endowed her with either the aspirations or the possibilities of self-support, which characterize many of her compeers.

The "family council," however, was in its serenest mood of tolerant confidence during the ensuing weeks, in which Betty and Valentine Newel were constantly together. She wondered at times whether he fully realized what a protection his apparent devotion was to her from the admonitions with which her aunts usually watched the progress of her acquaintance with an eligible *parti*. She could not be sure how much he suspected of those ladies' soaring hopes, because, from the moment of the bargain he and she had made, he never uttered even the name of love in her presence. Every other subject passed and repassed through the crucible of their youthful analysis, and she acquired such respect for his information on all the great issues of the day, that she hesitated, abashed, in the gay instructions on minor social regulations which she had promised and in which he made rapid progress.

They rode together when the weather permitted. At balls, his bad dancing being beyond the remedy of her teaching, she would sit out a couple of waltzes with him. His box at the opera was always at her aunts' disposal, and dinner-giving people manifested a benevolent pleasure in asking Newel and herself to the same functions, and placing them thereat side by side.

Yet, though he filled so large a place in her daily life, she rarely thought about him when he was absent. His good comradeship had become a "foregone conclusion," not to be debated. Van Alstyn's melancholy moods and sentimental vagaries supplied her with much more food for dreams. Her preoccupation with the soothing of that melancholy and the divining of those vagaries almost crowded from her remembrance Valentine's brief and abrupt avowal of his love for her. She missed him considerably, however, when, during a February thaw, he left town for some hunting. She was as regretful as surprised when she chanced to hear of his sudden severe illness, but was utterly unprepared for the announcement, a few days later, that he was dying.

Van Alstyn, who had been one of the hunting party assembled at Newel Place, brought her the tidings, and gazed at her curiously while she stood pale and speechless.

"He sent me to you because I am so close a friend to you and your aunt," he said; "he wants to see you."

She heard him dully. Valentine Newel was dying—her vigorous, sensible, cheerful chum—he who was so busy with noble plans, which needed years to mature!

She clasped her hands and flung them loose again with a wild gesture of helplessness.

"If I could do something for him!" she cried.

"You can!" Van Alstyn exclaimed eagerly.

"I can? Oh!" suddenly recalling the half-heard words. "He wants to see me."

She went to the door. "Will you take me to him?" she asked. "I will get ready while you tell my aunt."

When she returned, ten minutes later, she was bidden to wait for her aunt to accompany her. But even in her impatience to be on the way to him whose time had grown so scanty she was vaguely surprised at the rapidity of Mrs. Wharton's preparations. Van Alstyn went with them in the carriage, and told them that Valentine's illness had resulted from a chill taken while sitting in a wet field beside his horse, which had been fatally injured by a fall, and which he would not leave until a revolver had been brought with which he himself put an end to the animal's agony.

The train, which was about to start when they reached the railway station, was a "local accommodation," without a parlor car, and was so crowded that they were forced to separate.

Van Alstyn, however, came restlessly to Betty's side several times, with no more than a perfunctory question as to her comfort. They were drawing near the station which was their destination when he came again.

"He has something to ask you to do for him," he said hurriedly; "something that will seem hard for you to do——"

"Nothing he can ask will seem hard to do for him when he is dying."

"Yes, yes! Remember that he is dying!" Van Alstyn whispered with an eagerness which oddly repelled her. "You will surely give him his last wish," he added entreatingly.

As she followed him to the platform she mentally begged his pardon for her momentary antagonism. How kind was his heart, to be so moved by pity for a man whom he had never liked!

Valentine's trap was waiting for them, in response to a telegram, and the coachman reported no change in his master's condition during Van Alstyn's absence.

When they arrived at Newel Place they were shown upstairs at once, and Betty, a band as of iron around her throbbing throat, was gently pushed forward by Mrs. Wharton, down whose cheeks tears were falling.

"Be good to him, dear," that lady faltered. "You will never regret it."

Dazedly Betty followed a grave gentleman, whom Van Alstyn presented as the doctor. He led her into a room dimly lighted by a shaded lamp. A nurse stepped back from the bedside as she approached, and she was aware of a hoarse, broken sound, which hurt her, even before she realized that it was the tortured breathing of him who lay upon the bed.

She put her hand within a burning grasp, feebly stretched out for it. She looked down at a flushed, haggard face—and two familiar eyes to which her heart leaped suddenly in the midst of all this strangeness—the eyes which weeks ago she had said were like a mongrel dog's in their cleverness, their unutterable fondness.

She was on her knees, holding his hand fast in both her own. Her soul was flooded with compassion and with remembrance of his love, whose one confession she had until now half forgotten.

"You must not be so very grieved," he panted brokenly. "You can make me very happy for—the few hours left me!"

"Tell me what I can do—but it will be so little!" she sobbed, dropping her face on his hand.

She felt his trembling touch upon her hair.

"It will be so much, that I have sometimes thought life too hard to bear—knowing you would never do it for me." His voice sank as she lifted her head. "But you will do for the dying what you could not do for the living!" he gasped. "Sweet, I love you! I shall be dead to-morrow—will you be my wife until then—that I may die in your arms?"

Always in Betty's memory the hours which ensued are as bewildered, yet as unforgetable, as a haunting dream. People came and went through the shadowy room; her aunt, the nurse, the doctor, and another grave gentleman who held a book, and after whose reading she repeated certain words which Valentine had uttered between struggles for breath.

Then Mrs. Wharton tearfully embraced her, and Van Alstyn, emerging from some of the shadows, caught her hands

and kissed them with a vehemence from which she shrank turning to the bed again and the eyes that gazed up at her

They were not like a dog's eyes now, nor like any she had ever seen in their tender exultation; yet in spite of the difference they were still the eyes of the friend she trusted

"My wife!" Valentine whispered. "My wife! I have so short a time to call you this that you will let me say it often.' And as she bent over him he went on pantingly: "Since the moment I first saw you I have wanted to take care of you brave, cheery, lonely little girl. Now I shall have my wish though I shall not be here to see——"

Swiftly the motive for his desire for this marriage pierced her comprehension through the preoccupation with which compassion had hidden it from her. She leaned close to him

"If you were as poor as I am, I would have married you tonight, if you had asked me!" she murmured

He smiled. "Not even yourself knows that better than I know it! But you must not mind my gladness that you will never be poor again. My wife is a rich woman—who will accomplish for me many of the plans we used to——" He gasped for air, and somebody put a fan into her hand.

"You can do more for me—of your sweetness," he went on presently. "Will you put your arm about me—if the doctor lifts me a little?"

She had held him thus, looking down at his shut lids, listening to his struggling breath, for a time of which she had no reckoning, when she became aware that his pulse had ceased to quiver, that his breath came more softly

With a stab of fear she met the doctor's glance as he stood with his fingers on Valentine's wrist.

"Can you support him a while longer? You may give him a chance," he said just audibly. "He is asleep, and his temperature is lower.

Forty-eight hours later Valentine Newel was told what everybody else had heard sooner

His vigorous youth, his enormous vitality, had conquered at the instant when death was apparently about to overcome them. There were more professional terms in the doctor's explanation, but the plain English of it was that life, not death, now awaited him.

Valentine's eyes turned a passionate appeal from the doctor to Betty, who stood beside the bed

"It seems like a trick," he muttered, "but I never meant——

She gathered his fluttering fingers in her clasp

"My answer shall be what you said to me," she replied steadily. "Not even yourself knows your meaning better than I

He drew his hand from hers, pressed it over his eyes, and there was a choking sound of sobs

The doctor—confessor to more secrets than any priest—led her gently to the door

"He is very weak still," he whispered. "Later he shall hear how gallantly you helped to save him"

She crossed the corridor to a sitting-room where her aunt had spent the long hours of waiting. Betty had no desire for solitude, in which her confusion of emotion might become too clear. She preferred to join in Mrs. Wharton's rejoicings over Valentine's recovery, which apparently was all that lady required of Valentine's wife

But Mrs. Wharton was not in her usual place. Instead, Van Alstyn stood alone, staring into the fire, and he turned a gloomy countenance to Betty as she entered

He strode toward her and clasped in both his own the hand she mechanically extended to him

"It seems as if we had been tricked," he muttered, looking at her pale and troubled face with piercing eagerness

At the words, so nearly those which Valentine had just uttered so differently, color rushed into her white cheeks, and she withdrew her hand

"Don't hate me that I influenced you to marry him," he went on vehemently. "Newel told me his wish when he sent me to you—I thought that your inheritance of his fortune would make a happiness for you and me—a setting free from the bonds of poverty, which have kept us apart——"

"Stop!" she cried. She was as tall as he; and in the eyes which squarely met his blazed a scorn from which he shrank as from physical hurt

"Understand, now and always, that you in no degree influenced my marriage," she said slowly. "I married Valentine Newel only to give him his dying wish. But, though I do not love him, neither do I love any other, and I thank God that he will live and that my happiness is safe with the best man I have ever known."

Van Alstyn laughed jarringly. "Allow me to congratulate you on the conversion to worldly wisdom which your two days' possession of Newel's millions has effected."

She was gone. Breathless, every pulse throbbing, she fled with but one certainty in that chaos of her soul

She had never loved Van Alstyn—Never—Never!

Valentine Newel recovered steadily, yet not so rapidly as the doctor desired. Late in March the society papers announced his departure for a yachting trip through Southern waters, accompanied by his physician, while Mrs. Newel, who was a poor sailor, remained at their country place, under the chaperonage of her aunt, Mrs. Wharton

The unusual circumstances of their marriage had been, of course, a boon to the dullness of Lent, when, events being few, gossip becomes more fervent; and Mrs. Wharton was quite aware that this separation would not add to the pleasant flavor of the *on dits* in circulation. But exceedingly plain speaking to Betty only produced the assurance that the arrangement was mutually satisfactory to the two most concerned and that they could dispense with the approval of others. And Mrs. Wharton found herself disinclined toward an appeal to Valentine

Indeed, the yachting trip had been his proposition, made with the matter-of-course cheerfulness which was the manner he had adopted toward Betty, and which checked any possible offer of her society. They somehow had seemed less to each other during those days of his convalescence, when she read to him, wrote letters for him, played chess with him than when their comradeship of the early winter had been of

"I married Valentine Newel only to give him his dying wish"

choice, not of necessity. Yet the more she was associated with his plans and the more she heard of the scheme of life this young millionaire had prescribed, the greater grew her esteem for him—and something warmer than esteem!

He was so "good." Betty, who hitherto had scantily experienced all she defined by that little word, thrilled with proud rejoicing that she belonged to him—even though the thrill brought tears to her eyes and a flutter to her throat

She said "God speed" to him gayly, amid the white paint and bright brasses of the yacht, which presented a scene ill suited to melancholy. But she carried home a heartache which refused to be ignored, and a yearning keener than she had ever before known to answer the question which had leaped into his eyes when she held up her cheek to his kiss beside the companionway

She wrote him, two or three times each week, notes of inquiry as to his health, and received from him rather clever accounts of the humors of the cruise; and there was nothing on either side of the correspondence which might not have been published without violation of privacy!

Then suddenly a black cloud which had long hung on the national horizon blew with whirlwind speed into proportions which obscured the heavens. Newspaper growling as to our duty to Cuba became stern admonitions. The people, in whom money-getting and self advancement appeared to have smothered nobler instincts, stirred with that hereditary Anglo-Saxon revolt against tyranny, old as the race.

War with Spain was declared. From big cities and tiny villages and wide-scattered ranches came the rush of volunteers, responding to the President's call

Betty received a telegram dated St. Augustine:

> I have offered to equip a troop of cavalry, and have volunteered to go into its ranks. Am returning immediately
>
> VALENTINE

Nothing was further from the purpose of the man who sent that telegram than to discover thereby his wife's feelings for him—yet he could not more surely have achieved it!

That she liked him, that she esteemed him, that she admired him, Betty had often told herself. But it was the reading of that telegram, facing with racing heart and shining eyes what it meant to her of exultation, of suspense, of possible anguish or possible happiness, which revealed to her that she loved him

He came—sunbrowned, eager—embarrassed during the first moments of greeting, yet speedily engrossed by the books on cavalry tactics, and the circulars from military tailors which every mail brought him

He was half shyly proud when he received from the Governor a commission as Lieutenant

"Of course, he was bound to send it on account of my raising the troop," he explained; "but I ride better than I do anything else, and I can pick up enough military details from my sergeant, who is an old 'regular,' to keep me from doing harm"

"Do you suppose I cannot see that you are a born soldier?" she exclaimed. "This is your very heart's desire!"

"Is it?" he muttered; and turned away for an instant—an instant in which the world stood still for her

"You must not make a hero of me," he said with an unsteady laugh and his face still averted; "I am only answering a call which has been answered by half the fellows of my age throughout the country."

"I am not making a hero of you," she murmured

He turned again at the tremor in her voice—white, wide-eyed, trembling

"I am only learning, as many a woman throughout the country is learning," she faltered, "all the love—and dread—a heart can hold!"

He was kneeling beside her chair, his arms about her—and in their souls a rapture which, whatever that summer of war should bring them, neither Life nor Death could take away

Transparent Mirrors

MIRRORS that one can see through are a new invention already coming into use. They are of so-called "platinized glass," being backed with a compound made of ninety-five per cent silver and five per cent platinum, and, optically speaking, they are exceedingly curious and interesting. Looking into a glass of this kind, one finds a first-rate reflection; it is a mirror and nothing more. At the same time, a person on the other side can see directly through it

For example, a glass of this sort placed in front of the prescription desk in an apothecary shop perfectly conceals the prescription clerk and his apparatus. Thus the privacy of that department is secured, while on his part the clerk is able to survey the shop and see everybody who comes in just as if the mirror were ordinary glass. It is transparent to him, but is like any common mirror from the viewpoint of people in front

It is easily seen that glass of this kind is likely to be useful for a good many purposes. It can be put in the doors of dark bathrooms, or of any other rooms where privacy is desirable and light is wanted. Anybody who has observed his own reflection in the plate glass windows of shops will understand the principle well enough. The effect is merely enhanced by an extremely thin coat of the platinum-silver, which allows light to pass through, and yet furnishes an excellent looking glass. The process consists in pouring over plate glass nitrate of silver and platinum, and then applying Rochelle salts

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

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IT IS a swift and wonderful age. Every novel gets into a new edition before it is bound.

THOSE churches which put their new converts on probation ought to except the suburbanites who have to catch trains.

IF MONEY is to be made either out of peace or out of war Uncle Sam wants his share. Within the past two years Americans have been doing a profitable business in mules with the British authorities in South Africa. An effort was made by Boer sympathizers to stop this trade, but the court took a different view of the matter, and the gentle creatures from the Southern pastures will continue to take part in the fighting.

GENERAL CHAFFEE is coming away from China and he is bringing a reputation that makes every American proud that he belongs to this country. His record amid the embarrassing and distressing complications is one of the finest ever made by any officer. Not only did he do the right thing at the right time and encourage his men by example, but his high and honorable conduct had a wide and inestimable influence upon commanders of other armies who did not regard the heathen Chinee as worthy of Christian treatment.

DURING the past ten years Russia has seized three sealing schooners and one whaler, all American vessels. In some instances the Government admitted its errors and released the boats. In one case there was confiscation. The contention of the United States is that none of these was in Russian territory. After long negotiation both Governments have signed an arbitration agreement, and the whole matter will be settled by an arbitration court. In the midst of the various little wars and international difficulties now in progress in different parts of the world it is well to remember that the Peace Conference at The Hague has not been entirely in vain. The decision must be made within a year, and thus arbitration will do in a twelvemonth what diplomacy has failed to accomplish during a much longer time.

Shall Aguinaldo Tour America?

WE HAVE here a problem calling for wisdom and judgment in its solution. What policy shall the Government pursue in reference to Emilio Aguinaldo and the other captured Filipino leaders?

Among all these leaders—captured, surrendered or at large—Aguinaldo stands decisively at the head. He has been the heart and soul of the Philippine war for independence, a soldier and statesman combined, who by skill and ability kept the army in the field much longer than any of his associates could have done, and General Funston may well claim to have performed the greatest achievement in the war in his daring capture of this able leader.

Now that he is in hand, what shall be done with him? Shall he be executed or deported to Guam, as some sapient editors have advised? Executed or punished for what?

However, I do not for a moment apprehend that the United States Government will punish the Filipino leader in any way, unless, indeed, it be proved that he has committed some lawless and barbarous act—of which there is now no evidence. Punishment for patriotism would have been the way of Spain; I am happy to be assured that it is not the way of the United States. Americans are not Spaniards, and their ideas of political economy are not based upon Spanish models, for which fact I, as a citizen of the United States, warmly congratulate myself.

Aside from all question of right or wrong, a policy of severe punishment of the Filipino leaders would show an utter lack of statesmanship and good judgment, as simply tending to widen the breach between the Filipinos and the Americans. Aguinaldo is not the man to be dealt with in any such summary fashion, if it is desired to bring the war to a speedy end. To embitter our foes is not the way to subdue them, and leniency toward enemies is not alone the most Christian, but usually the wisest political policy. The United States has a nobler course to pursue than that of Spain, and it is the duty of the Americans to show the Filipinos that they have come, not as oppressors, but as liberators.

As regards Aguinaldo, I knew him well in his younger days, and am satisfied that in taking the oath of allegiance to the United States, and in his efforts to bring about peace, he is acting from just and creditable motives. In his refuge in the mountains of Luzon he was largely ignorant of the true state of affairs. In Manila he occupies a new point of view and has undoubtedly seen the hopelessness of the struggle, while gaining a truer appreciation of the real purposes of the United States.

With Chief Justice Arellano and others as teachers, he has passed through a useful course of education in American political and economical policy. I should suggest that this process of education be continued—in a humane, not a vindictive spirit; and for it to be fully effective I think that Aguinaldo should be brought to the United States, and given an opportunity to study its institutions, to converse with its leading statesmen, and to learn at first hand what kind of men Americans are. Quick and alert of mind as he is, it would not take him long to gain a comprehensive idea of America and its institutions, and with his influence over his countrymen such a knowledge would prove of the greatest utility. The mere report of his capture has brought many of the chiefs in arms to surrender, and the more familiar he becomes with the true situation, the wider and deeper will be his influence over his countrymen. With Aguinaldo the war began; with an educated and converted Aguinaldo the war should end.

—RAMON REYES LALA.

Uncle Sam with his new colonies is something like a man who has married a second time and who does not know just how to treat his stepchildren.

Haeckel's Unguessed Riddle

IN DECEMBER last there appeared on this page an article commenting on Professor Ernst Haeckel's recent abolition of the soul. The article was fortunate enough to attract considerable attention, and was even indorsed by that portion of the religious press which has gained its own consent to believe that the Bible is not what it purports to be, except in part, each particular part to be selected by each individual who thinks that he must have some authority on which to base his faith. What Professor Haeckel is trying to do for the soul, his co-workers in science, such as Professor Harnack, have already done for the Bible. Many of the books that make up that great document have been declared to be myths, fables and fictions, and these statements, or claims, have been indorsed by men who are supposed to be preaching the gospel. As this species of unbelief goes by the name of the "higher criticism," it is supposed to be scientific; but it is no "higher" and no more scientific than Professor Haeckel's abolition of the soul.

Nevertheless, the abolition of the soul is too strong a dose even for those who have persuaded themselves to think that it is "scientific" to believe that the Bible is partly a fraud, and some of them expressed gratification that a literary and secular weekly could spare the space necessary to comment on the "scientific" dogma by means of which the soul was denied immortality. On the other hand, several correspondents have written letters to explain Professor Haeckel's position, or to defend his conclusions.

One of these correspondents says: "Haeckel does not affirm or deny the existence of a soul; he denies the rationality of such a belief, and that statement is warranted by science." This is precisely the attitude the vender of wooden nutmegs used to take. If you didn't like the nutmeg he sold you, he would exchange with another just like it, and if that didn't suit you, you were hard to please indeed. "Science," says the same correspondent, "has shown that the belief in the immortality of the soul has grown out of man's conceit of his own importance and a desire for continued life." And yet, this same conceited being has humiliated himself so far as to believe firmly in an all-powerful Creator—and this belief is one of the first conceptions of the reasoning mind, of the mind that is truly rational.

Again: "Science does not speculate upon things of which there are no data, and this is the status of this belief in the existence and immortality of the soul." These statements are sufficient to show the state of mind of one correspondent. But what is science doing all the time but speculating on things about which it has invented data? What are its working theories but speculations? And take its declarations about our old friend, the moon. This old friend is amiable and benign, and when at her best she sheds a soft and beautiful radiance over the world. She is close at hand and it might well be supposed that if science could make any certain report about the celestial bodies, the moon would supply the facts. Instead of this, however, the scientists do not agree among themselves in regard to our affable Diana. She is made the object of various conflicting reports. According to science she is cold and dead, congealed before her time. Though she was whirled from the earth in the shape of nebulous matter, she failed to carry with her the ingredients necessary to life. She has no atmosphere, she does not revolve on her own axis. This is one report.

On the other hand, she must have an atmosphere or she would be unable to reflect the light of the sun; and the reason she appears to have no motion of her own is due to the fact that her revolutions coincide with those of the earth, and so on, and so on. "Science," says the correspondent who has been quoted, "simply denies the right of affirmation to man's imagination;" and yet, when it comes to speculation and imagination, the scientists could and do give points to the writers of the wildest fiction.

Now, the sole objection to the Haeckel dogma about the soul is that he is putting forward in the name of science his own personal and individual opinion in regard to a matter which is wholly outside the domain of science. This opinion is pure speculation, for he knows no more about the facts than the hairiest and most ignorant wild man of the woods, and not half so much as do those simple souls who have an abiding faith in a future life.

—JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

If Eden were to be lived over again the serpent would tempt Eve to open an account at a department store.

A Plea for the Rich

WHAT is the peculiar faculty that impels human nature to wish that whatever exists for the time being might be something else? It is the faculty that prompts one to wish that a man, no matter how successful and useful, would use his abilities in some way other than that in which he has become prominent, and that makes the man who sits down to a table well supplied with partridges and pineapples wish that the cook had served corned beef and cabbage.

A notable illustration of the point has been visible ever since Mr. Carnegie made his five-million-dollar offer to the city of New York for a great system of free libraries. So large a gift to the reading public had never been made before, and for fully forty-eight hours the entire country, as well as the beneficiary city, was profuse in expressions of astonishment and admiration. But soon there arose a chorus of dissent and criticism. Why do so much for a single city? Why invest so large a sum in books, when everybody knows that not more than one adult in five cares to read anything but the daily papers, and not more than one in ten of the remainder will read anything but fiction? If New York really needed scores of new libraries, could it not obtain them more cheaply than by complying with the terms of Mr. Carnegie's offer? Did not Mr. Carnegie know that all churches, asylums, hospitals and colleges needed more money than they could get? Was he blind to the fact that fully half the people of New York were obliged to herd in uncomfortable, dirty tenement houses because there were no fit places of abode within their means? Were not all the missionary societies hampered in their work by lack of sufficient means? If the giver cared not for imperiled souls and bodies, as some critics implied, but wished only to give the greatest amount of pleasure to the greatest number, why did he not endow free theatres, orchestras, opera-houses and concert chambers, and also free excursions? The discussion was not confined to New York; it overflowed into all the States and Territories, and is still going on in the newspaper press and in all circles of society.

Fortunately for New York and for its would be benefactor's feelings, Mr. Carnegie is three thousand miles away and does not know how ignorant the world is of the injunction not to look into the mouth of a gift-horse. Besides, Mr. Carnegie has lived up to his own convictions too long and too wisely to change his mind at the bidding of the multitude. But there are other multi-millionaires—scores of them—who are wondering what to do with such parts of their acquisitions as cannot be carried into another world; if these well-meaning men do not assume, from the criticisms of Mr. Carnegie, that the public is an ass and should not be disturbed at the kicking in which it seems to delight, they are of finer clay and more enduring gray matter than such of us as are not yet embarrassed by more money than we can spend.

Why shouldn't the rich be as free as the poor to do as they will with their own, each according to his hobby, whether it be to help free libraries, big hospitals, better roads, foreign missions, picture galleries, public gardens, or whatever else? To endeavor to return to the world whatever one has gained from it is so seldom attempted, yet is so satisfactory to all who profit by it, that such efforts should not be discouraged. If there must be criticisms, let them come only from men who themselves have millions to give away. Mere talk is cheap, but when money talks there is likely to be some point to what is said.

—JOHN HABBERTON.

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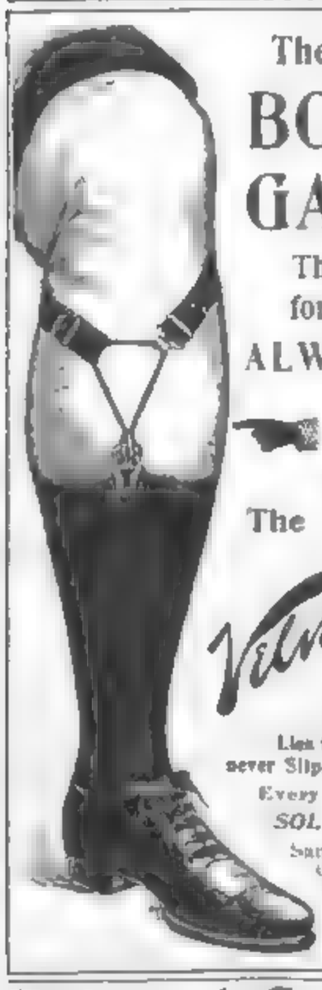

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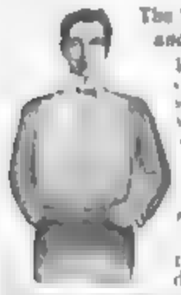

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FUNSTON—the Man from Kansas

(Concluded from Page 9)

and altogether more desirable trades than soldiering open to American boys, the fighting trade may always have its apprentices. West Point is not the only school for American soldiers, nor the only school for American gentlemen. West Pointers are what we all are in these Republican United States, sons of the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, the farmer, the truck gardener, the livery-stable keeper, the lawyer, the doctor, the editor and the merchant—the bone and sinew of American democracy. The West Pointer comes from exactly the same stock from which Funston comes. The buck soldier stands as well when it comes to family tree as does the major-general. Often the tabasco of West Point spices up the ready-made soldier. Sometimes the prunes expand his head. But, generally speaking, the West Pointer has little to unlearn when he gets into action, and, generally speaking, the American civilian soldier, who has teamed it a little, and clerked a little, and taught school a little, and kept store a while, and practiced a little law, or who has come up from bushwhacking in Cuba as Funston came—has developed in the competitive struggle for existence about enough keenness of wit to get the hang of soldiering in six months or a year, and to learn in that time, from the West Pointer and from practice, what the West Pointer has been studying in theory all his life.

It is net results that the world desires; not good and sufficient reasons why the results are not forthcoming. Funston has produced results. He holds a diploma from the school of American life, with its rough-and-tumble wrestle with opportunity, with its relentless competition. All that war is he has lived. His tabasco has been real misfortune. His prunes have been palpable troubles. He has spread the eagle of rebuff. He has been drilled in the ranks of a sterner discipline than that of caste or of class sentiment. It has toughened him. Life has meant work or starve for Funston, and war, since he has entered it, has meant only hard, intelligent work. Viewed from any point, that of Funston's experience, or the army's experience, or as a reward of merit, the appointment of Funston as a Brigadier-General was natural, logical, and in all justice inevitable—even if the young man who beat Funston to West Point has only got as far as a captaincy.

The Mighty Will of the New General

The incidents herein before mentioned in the life of Funston prove one thing: that in this free country any one may be what he will, but that he must will hard. Funston is two-thirds will—the rest intelligence and sense of humor. Consider his career, and then consider his circumstances when he began to climb. He has lived a life of adventure and excitement. He has explored wildernesses. He has become famous at arms. But he grew up on the banks of Deer Creek, in Allen County, Kansas. His parents are ordinary, wholesome, intelligent Americans; and although his father served half a dozen terms in Congress, Congressmen are not so uncommon in this country that his father's political position can be used to account for the son's achievements. When young Funston left Deer Creek he entered what seemed to be a humdrum world. Theoretically all the land had been explored; apparently all the knight-errantry had been accomplished, and all that seemed left undone for a young man who wished to make his mark in the world was to enter some liberal profession, trim his cuffs regularly and trust to fortune.

Yet Funston left Deer Creek and made a bee-line to chivalry. He made his opportunity when it did not come easily. He took an uncommon school course in courage in the Death Valley, where the sun drove men mad. He took remarkable post-graduate work in patience in Alaska. Then he went to Central America, engaged in coffee raising—and failed. It was a common, ordinary, business failure. Other men might have given up and decided that the world was against them; that they stood no show against the great corporations. But Funston spat on his hands, took a tighter grip on the rope the Fates are spinning, and pulled himself into a sane view of life. Probably the failure in Central America was one of the decisive events in his career. Probably he used more grit to rise above it than he used to capture Aguinaldo. Then he went to Cuba, the one place in the world where there were arms and fighting men. He was still making his opportunity. Theoretically he should have been on the banks of Deer Creek, owning two eighties, six head of horses, a bunch of cattle, a green farm wagon, two top buggies and a shed of machinery. A Kansas farmer boy, industrious, heady, forehanded, intelligent, had no business standing behind a dynamite gun, afraid to run for shelter with the Cubans and uncover his ignorance, wondering if she would blow up and kill him the next second after she began coughing like a cow with a straw in her throat.

His presence behind that gun, instead of behind the plow, meant something: it meant that the young man was impelled away from natural environment by some resistless power. That power was his unwavering determination—a kind of Bessemerized will—to be of force and consequence in the world. When he came back from Cuba, looking like a spiritualistic manifestation of himself, his proper place was in the hospital. But he took his station as Colonel of a regiment of American Volunteers, and made another opportunity, and men called him a lucky dog.

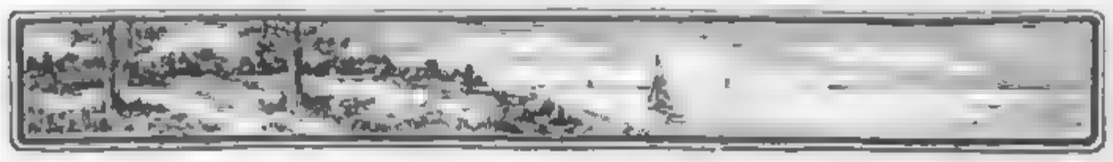
In the campaign of '99 in Northern Luzon, Funston's place was back of his regiment, giving orders. But Funston charged with his men. He gave his commands over his shoulder and on the dead run. Now it wasn't in the books and it wasn't in the regulations, and a Colonel wasn't expected to foot-race with his men, and lie in trenches and ride on rafts, and take all the chances of being shot. But Funston was busy getting things actually done and over with, and had no time to bother about books or regulations or traditions. He was making opportunity.

How He Got from Under the Bushel

Then they made him a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and put him under a bushel as the governor of a province. He subdued the province, made the natives respect him—which was his duty—and he did more: he learned the native language, and the native customs, and he studied the native character, and made out of whole cloth the opportunity which sewed the star on his shoulder for life. And all this, gentle reader, was done on the same prosy old globe that we all live on, while the world of Deer Creek was feeding the stock, harvesting the crops, taking them to Iola, going to basket picnics, working on the roads, gathering the eggs, and, for extra-hazardous diversion, locating the little pea under the fellow's shell, and going in swimming with the horses after the day's threshing.

Funston's career is opening. During his thirty-five eventful years he has shown himself alert and sane and patient. In the dull days while he was waiting for action he nursed his ambition in many barren fields.

The habit of life which has made him so quick to tackle opportunity, however trivial, however great, will not die in him, now that Fate has set him at a feast of good fortune. His Brigadier-General's star will not weigh him down; it will guide him farther into new fields, into more glorious achievements. There are fifteen years more of youth in Funston and ten years upon that of manhood. What he has done in the nine years since he left school will be quadrupled in the years that are to come, if he is spared to life and to the country that he loves. In what direction his career will move no one can say. He is as clever as a writer as he is nimble as a fighter. He is as capable an organizer of men as he is daring as a soldier. A score of avenues are open to him now, in the army, in civil life, in diplomacy, in literature, in administrative work. What he will do is beyond conjecture. But this much is sure: his work will be manly; it will be brave; it will be honest and true; and it will be to the glory of God and the honor of his country.



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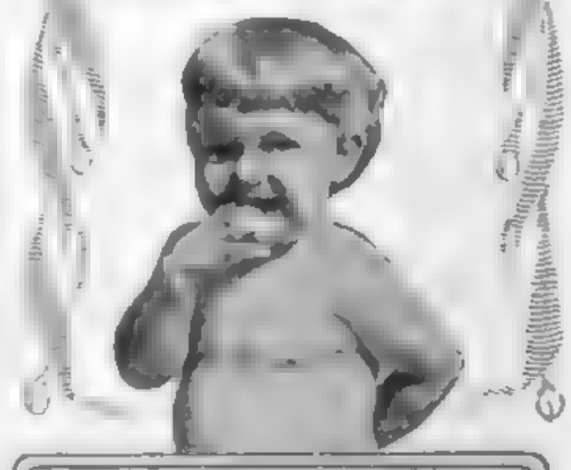

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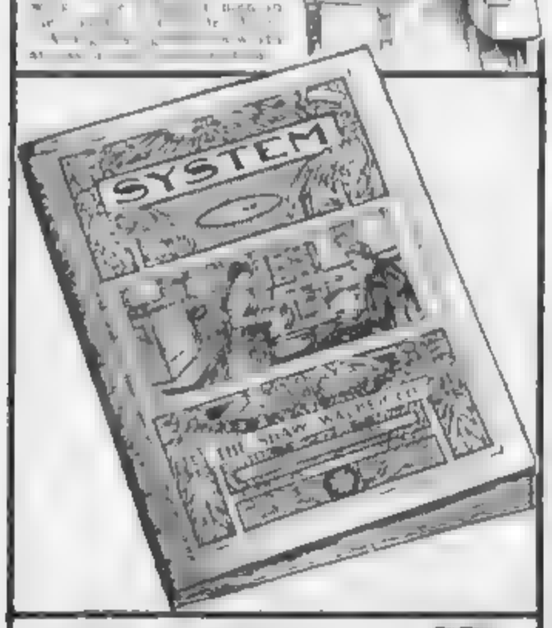

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Literary Folk—Their Ways *and* Their Work

Sons of the Morning

The progress which Mr. Phillpotts has made toward a real literary reputation may be measured by the fact that in a good part of the articles concerning him which one reads there are casual comparisons of his work with the West of England novels of Blackmore and Hardy. Critically speaking, the comparison with Blackmore is not in the least serviceable. Blackmore was a "one-book man," so far as the public was concerned, and beyond the fact that the Exmoor of Lorna Doone and the Dartmoor of Mr. Phillpotts' *Sons of the Morning* (*G. P. Putnam's Sons*) lie close together, in Devonshire, the books have nothing in common. Mr. Hardy's Wessex, really Dorsetshire, however, is the next county to Devon and without at all ranking Mr. Phillpotts with Mr. Hardy, or accusing the former of any special attempt to imitate the latter, one may say that it is on a kind of Hardy formula that Mr. Phillpotts has constructed his story.

The real heart of the book contains only three characters, a woman and two men, and the interwoven drama of their relationship. To this one must add the wild moorland on the edge of which lies Endicott's Farm. To the open country Mr. Phillpotts' characters are apt to flee in tragic crises; the summer beauty and the winter bleakness of the moor play a real part in the story as they affect the spirit of its characters. This is Hardy—but not quite Hardy. For in many of the Wessex novels Mr. Hardy almost gives personality to a tract of heather-covered waste, but Mr. Phillpotts' descriptions, though full of a real sense of beauty, have not the compelling power of Mr. Hardy's.

There is no dodging the fact that a few years ago unfriendly critics would have called Sons of the Morning a "problem novel." Mr. Phillpotts has something to prove and a question to ask. We must believe that a woman can love two men at the same time. Honor Endicott has such an unusual quality of candor that she faces this situation without realizing how strange it would seem to most. She loves two men and she does not attempt to conceal it. She is engaged to marry Christopher Yeoland. After a trifling quarrel with her he goes away to Australia, and while there a message comes to him from Myles Stapledon. Myles has asked Honor to marry him, and she has frankly told him that as she loves both she will have neither one. Myles means to efface himself, believing that in Christopher's return Honor would find happiness. Christopher counters with an equal sacrifice. The report comes home that he is dead. Honor and Myles marry. Then Christopher returns, believing Honor's happiness settled and assured. After the first shock the three settle into a friendly relationship which satisfies Honor and Christopher. Christopher is a companion; with him she wanders light-hearted over the moor. To Myles she clings more closely. She would give up Christopher for him at any moment she thought it necessary. So long as she feels serenely conscious of unwavering loyalty to her husband ought she, to spare his feelings, make Christopher unhappy, send him away?

This is Mr. Phillpotts' problem, and of course he does not answer it. Myles falls over a Dartmoor cliff and in the last chapter Honor signs herself Honor Yeoland. There was no answer. Myles was right, so were Honor and Christopher. —*H. G. Rhodes.*

Quaint Tales from the Japanese

To a certain brotherhood—Epicureans in their tastes in the art of letters—the new-coming of a book from Mr. Hearn is full of meaning—just like the birth of a child, just like the coming true of a dream. Shadowings (*Little, Brown & Co.*) is his latest.

"A few more queer stories from the Japanese," said a good friend of Mr. Hearn, to whom the book is dedicated, to the author; and forthwith, in answer to the request, he went prospecting into the ancient mines of Nihonese letters. And here it is before us, the golden find of his sojourn, in the first part of the book. To read these stories is, for some of us (the melancholy race of Nihonese vagabonds who are seeing the Babylonian moon in the skies of Christendom), nearly as good as breathing the air of our back yard, that humble paradise of our childhood, plum-scented, perfumed also with all the aroma of romance.

These stories are taken out of Konseki-Monogatari, which means "Tales of Now and of Old," and from many another tome equally as quaint; and they are queer stories indeed, utterly, ridiculously and barbarously impossible to the Christian and civilized mind, no doubt; but, all the same, they go very far in explaining to you something in the character of the Nihonese which remains so often as a tantalizing puzzle and mystery at the hand of the wise critics from the West.

In the second portion of the book Mr. Hearn writes about very simple things—of Semi (you may translate it "Cicada," if you like), of Japanese Female Names and of Old Japanese Songs—and he writes of them very simply—with the simplicity of a master.

A number of the songs which Mr. Hearn translates here have a somewhat different meaning to me from what is told in his English translations. But every one ought to know that the Nihonese poem is valuable, not so much for what it says in it (and the majority of them are quite meaningless, especially in their literal translations into English), as for the dreamland or memory-land, which, like the Kingdom of Heaven, is always within the reader and to whose locked doors it serves as a key. Therefore these translations of Mr. Hearn have a distinct merit all their own, and may serve as a unique commentary upon the old songs.

The third portion of the book appears, at least to my heart, like the autobiography of the soul-life of the author. Mystic, rich in color and in poetry, it displays that characteristic love for scholarly and philosophical inquiry into things as common and as mysterious as A Mystery of Crowds, and as illusive as the stuff of which dreams and horror and the first love are fashioned.

In many of the Shinto shrines in Nihon, facing the steps whereupon the devotees kneel in prayer, you can see a mirror shining out of a twilight, like a full moon. Centuries have said to us and to our forefathers that the heart-secrets of him who prays in front of the shrine are always mirrored in the glass, although they are viewless to the eyes of the flesh and only seen by the gods. And once again, Mr. Hearn lifts up a mirror in this his latest volume, in order that not only the gods, but you and I, too, may behold the mysteries of the inner life of a people so very difficult to be understood by the people of the West. —*Adachi Kinnosuké.*

Uncle Remus in a Rage

Joel Chandler Harris, or Uncle Remus, as his friends and readers call him, is one of the kindest-hearted men in the world. It is a rare thing for him to say anything unpleasant about anybody, and it is almost impossible to provoke him into a display of anger. But when he hears of some act of exceptional meanness he is not slow in expressing his opinion, and then he uses the plainest of English.

One fine morning, when Uncle Remus was leaving his suburban home on his daily visit to Atlanta, he heard a noisy altercation near his house, and discovered that the wrangle was in front of a little cottage occupied by his colored cook, old Aunt Mandy.

Sauntering to the place, he found the cook engaged in a war of words with two white men who had brought a furniture wagon with

The New Books of the Week

An American with Lord Roberts: Julian Ralph	...Frederick A. Stokes Company
Religious Movements for Social Betterment: Dr. ...	.....The Baker & Taylor Company
The Curious Career of Roderick Campbell: Jean McIlwrath	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
King's End: Alice Brown	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Choirs and Choral Music: Arthur Mees	.....Charles Scribner's Sons
Ten Months a Captive Among Filipinos: Albert Sonnichsen	. Charles Scribner's Sons
The Light of the World: Herbert D. Ward	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
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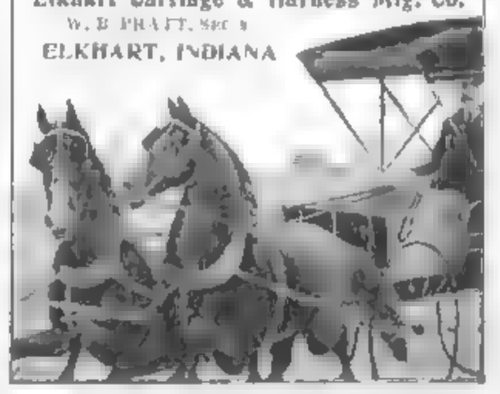

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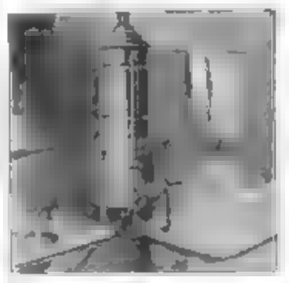

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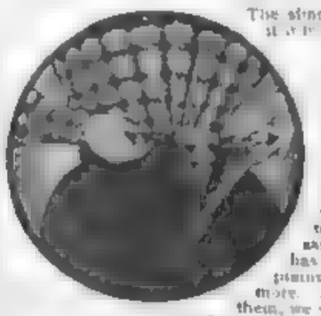

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them. All three were so much interested in their quarrel that they did not see the newcomer, when he halted a few yards away

Mr. Harris learned from the loud discussion that a furniture house had sent the men with instructions to demand and carry off some furniture on which the last installment had not been paid

The woman was in despair. She had paid three dollars a month on the furniture for eleven months, and had missed only the last payment

This suited her creditors exactly, for under their contract they had the right to keep all the money paid and take possession of the property

"What is this row about?" demanded Mr. Harris

Grasping his stout cane with a firmer clutch he walked up to the disputants and repeated his query

"This is our own business," replied one of the men.

"Well, I propose to make it mine," said Harris. "Aunt Mandy, let me see that furniture."

The cook's face brightened, and accompanying her employer to the open door of her cottage she pointed it out. Then in a few excited words she told her story

"You have already paid double the value of those things, and you shall keep them and not pay another cent," said Mr. Harris

"I guess we'll manage this matter," interrupted the furniture man who had been doing most of the talking. "We must have the money or the goods. Here is the contract in black and white."

"I know all about that," answered Mr. Harris. "This woman is my cook. Your firm has taken advantage of her ignorance and hard luck."

"Maybe you'll advance the money," said the other

"Not a dime," was the reply. "Drive back to town, and don't come here again!"

Then the furniture man began to bluster. He threatened to take the property forcibly

"All right," said Mr. Harris; "but I warn you that I will show up your firm in a newspaper article that will go all over the State

"What might be your name?" asked the bulldozing collector

"Joel Chandler Harris," was the quiet answer

"Golly!" shouted the other in astonishment. "I didn't know I was talking to Uncle Remus, and we don't want to bother your cook. It's against rules, but I'll take the responsibility of canceling the debt."

He hurriedly signed a receipt and handed it to the overjoyed woman.

"It belongs to you now," he said. "Glad I had the pleasure of meeting you, Mr. Harris. Good-day, sir!"

And with a bow the collector took his seat in the wagon with his comrade and drove off

Literature and Golf in Chicago

The recent announcement by Mr. Hobart Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor that he has put aside the vanity of golf and society novels and will do no more of them recalls the interesting fact that he introduced the seductive Scottish game in the West. The story of how he drove the first ball that ever went flying over Western soil is repeated by friends who draw the playful inference that it may account for the desertion of the links by the popular society leader and novelist.

Mr. Charles B. Macdonald, who later became the amateur golf champion of America, had just returned from Scotland, thoroughly infatuated with the game and determined to lay out links at Lake Geneva, a favorite summer home of wealthy Chicago people. His first appeal was to his friend, the writer of society novels. Together they went to a close-cropped knoll overlooking the lake. Mr. Macdonald carefully teed up a ball and gave his friend a driver. The first swing of the novice was successful beyond his own expectations and those of his coach. The ball rose like a lark, shot high in the air—and fell into the blue waters of the lake with a splash!

That was the first golf ball driven in the West; and close friends of Mr. Chatfield-Taylor insist that if his skill had materially increased since that time he would not now be a deserter from the links. However, as he has been a recognized leader in golf circles in the West from that time to the present he can afford to laugh at this charge. A desire to curtail social responsibilities in order to give himself to literary labors of a thoroughly serious kind accounts for the loss to golfing interests of a pioneer and a tactful and popular leader.

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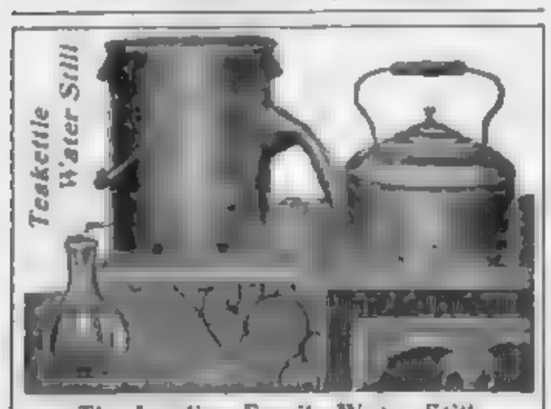

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A Brilliant Christening

The proverbial good fortune of California increases and multiplies. It is a happy experience to give to the President of the nation a gorgeous greeting, it is additional honor to entertain his family and a majority of his Cabinet, and it is a useful thing to have the praises of the State and people tingling in columns over the wires of the world.

The occasion of the President's trip to California is the launching of the battleship Ohio.

Less than twenty years ago a few bold men proposed to build ships at a spot in the suburbs of San Francisco, about three miles from the centre of the city. The genius of the movement was Mr. Irving M. Scott, who had begun as a workman in a small shipyard in Baltimore and who had gone to the Pacific Coast to try his fortunes. There was a struggle, but the enterprise progressed. A collier was built and then followed several ships of moderate size, and in 1886, to the astonishment of the country, the firm was the successful bidder for the Charleston, one of the cruisers of the new Navy.

Sixty merchant ships, a high-speed cruiser for Japan, and seventeen ships—including the Oregon—for our own Navy! This is the record; and now comes the Ohio, which is to be christened in the presence of the most brilliant party that has ever attended an American launching.

California's Advantages

At first sight it would seem impossible for California builders to compete with the shipyards of the Atlantic seaboard. The fact that almost every pound of shipbuilding material has to be transported from the East would appear prohibitive.

Then, too, wages are higher there. In some classes the difference against California is twenty-five per cent.

And as if these two obstacles were not enough, the cost of coal, which of course the shipyard has to use in large quantities, is about one hundred per cent. greater in California than it is in the East.

Then what is the explanation? The usual one. California's climate. The worker gets more wages, and he costs more, but he produces more. He is not frozen in winter or sunstruck in summer. He toils along in comfort, and thus he evens up the general average of expense.

Mr. Scott, the manager of the big works which produced the Ohio, has given a homely but telling illustration of the value of the California climate in shipbuilding. Generally, shipbuilding work has to be done out of doors; and when the weather is cold—as it generally is for several months in the East—the men are compelled to stop every few minutes to blow upon their benumbed fingers and warm them a bit. Mr. Scott declares that this fact alone more than makes the difference between the lower wages of the East and the higher wages of California, where fingers never get stiff from the cold. He declares that the weather, whether cold or hot, seldom interferes with outdoor labor in that State.

The Modern Shipyard

Though California has to import a large part of its fuel and material, it uses both skillfully. Take the yards from which the Ohio will go. The works cover twenty-eight acres, with over twelve acres under cover. Steam, electric, pneumatic and hydraulic power handles the material and directs the machinery. There are traveling cranes that can carry sixty tons as easily as you can pick up a sheet of paper.

In most respects, of course, the California works are like those of other places; the special interest is that they should have been built up so far away from the raw materials and should have been made such a success.

There is, however, plenty of romance in all of the modern shipbuilding in this country. Take Newport News, for instance. A few years ago it was a cornfield; but it was determined to make it a shipping centre, and recently the largest steamship ever built in the United States, the Korea, was launched from its great shipyards, and many other big vessels are now under construction there.

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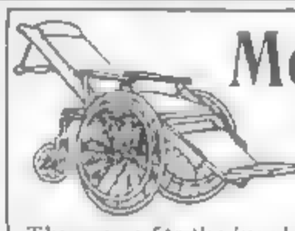

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have to build its own ships. The industry had languished and there were years of deficits and failures, but now the rewards are being reaped.

Along the Delaware

There will shortly be another brilliant christening. The new battleship Maine will be launched. This event will occur at the shipyards of the Cramps, probably the greatest plant of its kind in the United States, covering, as it does, more than thirty-one acres, possessing some of the most powerful machinery in the world, and employing a force of something like six thousand men.

So great has been the career of the Cramps that most readers regard the firm as having a monopoly of the shipbuilding interests of the Delaware River. It is the greatest one there, but there are others. Within the past twelve months a new corporation, with a capital of six millions of dollars, has erected a plant that is among the finest in the world. It has buildings as big as those of a centennial exposition; in one structure alone there are four acres of skylights, and there are forty big traveling cranes.

Nor is that all. The Delaware is the river of great ocean shipbuilding. From Philadephia to Wilmington there are seven great concerns and several smaller ones. Within the past few months these yards have had under construction more than seventy vessels, representing a tonnage of over 200,000 and a combined cost of something like $30,000,000. The Cramps had considerably more than one-half of this, but there were enough millions left to keep the other concerns busy and prosperous.

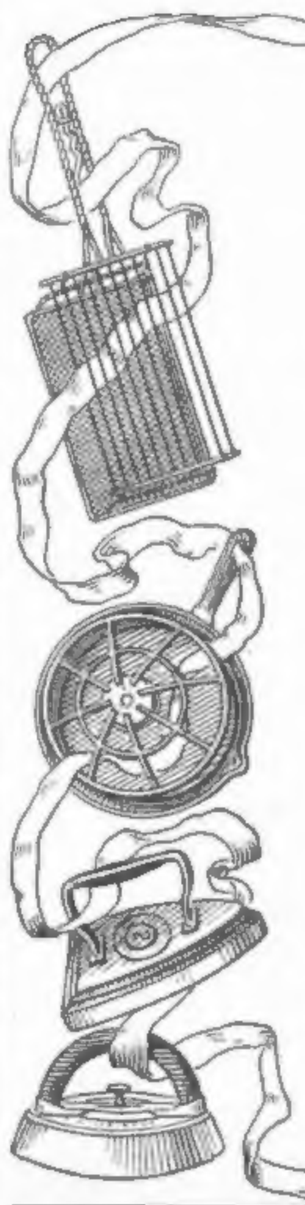
On the Great Lakes

English shipbuilders are turning toward America as the land of the most profitable opportunity. There is much money to be made, and in these quick days nationality counts for little when the dollars are rolling. Already some of the best engineers and experts of the British shipyards are under engagement at good salaries in the United States.

A fact of surprising interest is the universality of the new awakening. New England concerns, after failures, have sprung into prosperity. It is the same in the South. On the Pacific Coast are a half dozen ambitious and successful companies.

And yet, while all of them are doing great work, they cannot equal the wonderful activity along the Great Lakes. In the last official report of new shipping, Cleveland led the list, Newport News came next, and Chicago and Detroit followed. The commerce of the Great Lakes is not appreciated by the average American, and its totals are stupendous.

In fact, if there were no international agreement against the building of war ships on the Great Lakes, and if there had been any way of getting the great ship Ohio to the Atlantic or the Pacific from an Ohio shore, possibly the launching which is to take place at San Francisco would be from a Cleveland shipyard. For Ohio knows how to take care of her own, whether it be in politics or in business.



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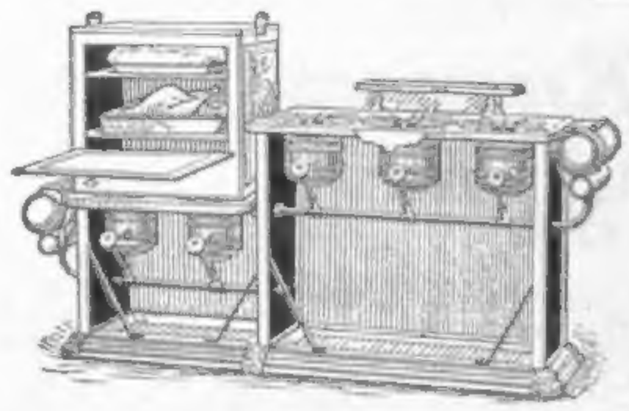

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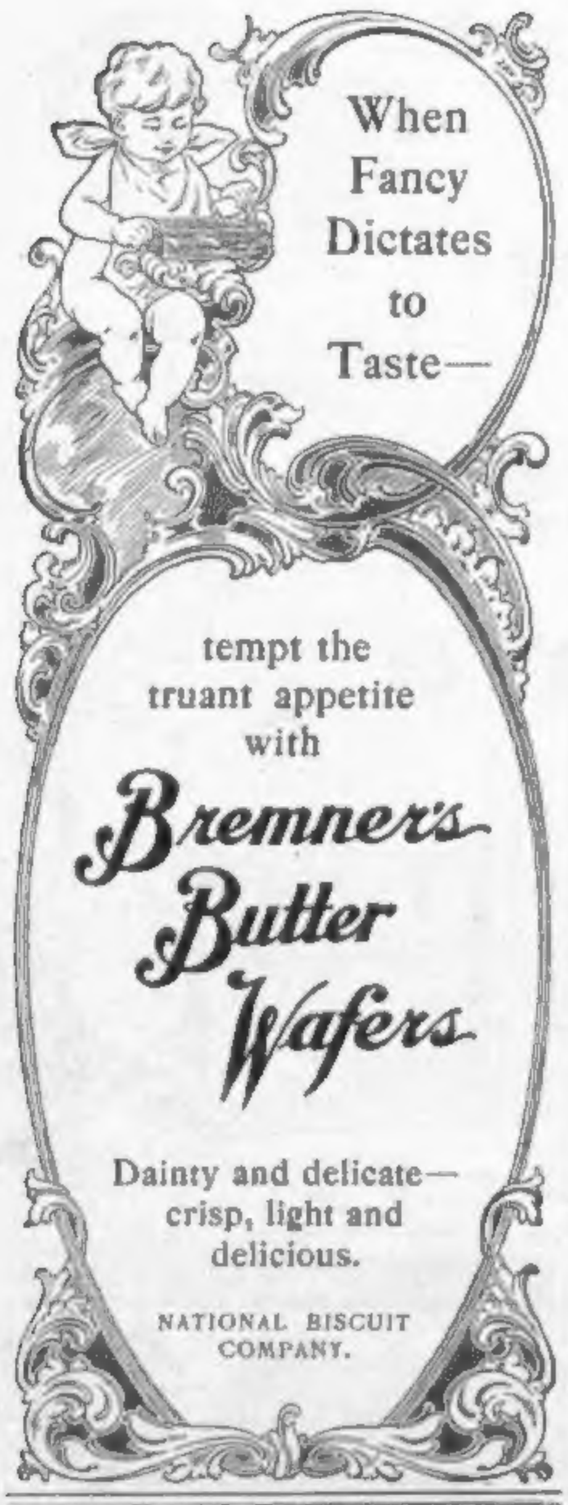

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MASTERS OF MEN

By Morgan Robertson

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FORTY-EIGHTH CHAPTER

THREE weeks later, Breen and Dick boarded an afternoon train at the Grand Central station in New York. Both were in the undress uniform of commissioned naval officers; but, even aside from this change, few of Dick's old messmates would have recognized him. His eyes held the soft light and his features the super-refinement which always come of extreme physical suffering. He was paler than usual, and a master of the "dapper art" had reduced his wavy hair to fashionable length and contour, and a sick-bed growth on his erstwhile smooth face to a compact and becoming mustache. It was Breen who had groomed him—Breen who had captiously criticised the tailor's work to the last wrinkle and misplaced line of stitching, who had accompanied him to the Navy Yard for his pay and honorable discharge as seaman apprentice, and while there made much of him to officers, old and young—gentlemen all, who cordially welcomed him as one of themselves and candidly envied him his record. Then he had engineered him to the station to accept Mr. Arthur's invitation to visit his home.

"It's too cheap," Dick protested as they took seats, "this jumping into uniform at the first chance."

"You were told to come home an officer," said Breen firmly, "and you're going to do it. It is my part to see that you do."

"But do you think—it's all right in your case—but in mine—won't Miss Arthur see through the sham? Will she think any better of me for this dressing to a part?"

"You are an Acting Ensign of the United States Navy," answered Breen, thumping his knee with his fist. "You are on sick leave under orders from the Secretary of the Navy to report when well to Annapolis for special instruction. What more do you want?"

"You see," went on Dick, "I've always looked up to her, and——"

"Out with it. I gathered by your half-crazy talk at Key West that you loved her."

"Well—yes," said Dick defiantly. "I never could help it, although I haven't met her but twice in my life. But I can keep my place, I promise you, and when you're married——"

"When who's married?"

"You and Miss Arthur; when——"

"She and I will never be married if I can help it. What put that into your head? She never allowed me to get fond of her."

"Why, aren't you?" gasped Dick, leaning back against the cushion. He was still weak from sickness, and vulnerable to shock. "I was told so—Miss Fleming——" He stopped, not knowing how far he might be violating a confidence.

"Bessie told you? What game is she playing, anyhow?" said Breen with a puzzled face. "Well, no matter. I'll know before long; but tell me, Dick," he added earnestly, "is there, or, rather, was there anything between you and Bessie?"

"Nothing but what you saw," said Dick, dimly beginning to realize the truth. "I hadn't seen her since leaving school—we were chums then—and I called to get news of the gang I was after; then, as I was about to leave, I obeyed an impulse."

"And so did I," said Breen musingly. "I've been a jealous fool. How did she take it—if it's a fair question?"

"She put me out," answered Dick gloomily; "hated me—I was never to speak to her again. And she wrote her further opinion of me to the Vermont."

"Did she?" laughed Breen. "Bless her! —and sent the letter in my care, and made matters worse. She must have known that I'd recognize her handwriting. I thought you were in close correspondence, and that it was a hint for me to step down and out."

"No. I never got such a roasting in my life; and she even inclosed a clipping from the paper calling me all sorts of hard names. It was in that letter that she told of your engagement to Miss Arthur. Why, she even spoke of the engagement ring—a diamond."

"A diamond? Yes, I selected one for her and sent it from New York; but her father paid for it."

"It was easy for me to believe it," said Dick. "She had teased me about you in the house, and after my eviction I followed you and saw you call at the Arthurs'."

"There's something funny behind all this, Dick," said Breen after a moment's thought. "It was Miss Arthur herself who clinched my suspicions concerning you and Bessie. I understand now what ailed you in the Navy Yard, but thought you were an all-round crank, sore at me for surprising you at your love-making."

"I've a hazy remembrance, or it may be that I dreamed it, that you were telling me something about this matter in that back room where we were drugged. But I cannot recollect just what it was."

"I can," said Breen decidedly, "every word of it; but there's no occasion to repeat it now. We are too close to the climax. I wonder," he added softly and slowly, as he leaned back and closed his eyes, "what my reception will be. There are degrees of asininity; where do I stand?"

Mabel's father, sad-faced but courteous, met them on the platform at Allville.

"I received your telegram," he said as he shook hands with Breen, "and hurried over to meet you; but I have only a few minutes—board meeting, you see, and I am wanted—and this is Mr. Halpin," he added, offering Dick his hand. "I recognize you as the sailor who revolutionized our town government—this, in fact, is the business before the board. I congratulate you, young man, on your promotion. You were with my son when he died, I hear"—the old gentleman's voice quavered a little—"and when we have time you must tell me how he died."

"I can tell you now, Mr. Arthur," said Dick gravely and earnestly. "He died like a man—a brave man."

"I am glad to hear that—but—you must tell me all. Meanwhile, both of you, consider my house your home while you are here. Mabel is expecting you. I cannot be at dinner, I fear; but you will go at once to the house, will you not?"

"Thank you, no, Mr. Arthur," answered Breen. "We'll call in the evening. We're a little travel-stained at present."

"Well, I'm off. I will see you in the evening."

They went to the Hotel Morrisey, still wearing its large sign, though the versatile Morrisey was replaced by a stranger.

After they were seated at the table a young man hurriedly entered the dining-room, but, on seeing the two officers at the table, turned, and as hurriedly bolted from the room.

"It's Ned Brown," said Dick with a laugh, "the only one of the crowd that I missed that day. Perhaps he feared his turn had come."

They caught a momentary glimpse of Ned through the open door, negotiating with a newsboy; then he disappeared from sight, and the boy, hat in hand, entered the dining-room and advanced toward them.

"Mr. Brown's compliments, sir, to Mr. Halpin," he said, and laid a paper before them. Then he vanished, while Dick glanced through the paper.

"Things certainly are coming my way," he said at last. He handed the paper to Breen with his finger marking a column. "Read it aloud. I only read part."

Breen read the following:

> Through misapprehension and misinformation on our part we have in these columns made certain disparaging comments on Richard Halpin, formerly a resident of Allville, and who, as most of our readers will remember, returned lately and served out some poetic justice to certain enemies of his school-days. Among the comments we made at the time, and which we take pleasure in retracting, was one concerning his honesty, wherein we erroneously charged him with being expelled from school for stealing. As we learn, such a charge was made, but we are aware now that Mr. Halpin was fully and honorably cleared of the stigma at the time. Mr. Halpin has acquitted himself with great credit to himself as a sailor in the navy during the late war, having won his spurs, or rather his epaulets, by cool-headed daring during the blockade of Santiago. Mr. Halpin is shortly expected to visit Allville, where a large property awaits him. It is hoped that he will again make Allville his home.

"And not a word about the man that stopped the riot and saved all their blooming lives," remarked Breen with a grimly humorous frown. "They'll make a hero of you, Dick, if you allow it."

"Not much," shivered Dick. "Not while I can run. Still, it is good to read such

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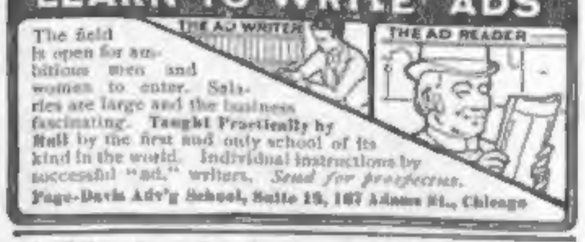

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things about yourself when you've felt for years that every one thought the reverse of you. Look! we're holding a levee—look at them."

A shifting, shuffling crowd of men and boys passed back and forth before the door and windows, peeping in as they passed. Another crowd was gathered in the office, respectfully inspecting the two as they ate. From this crowd came a man through the door—a sun-burned man carrying a horse-whip.

"And this is Dick," he said boisterously as he reached out his hand. "Ned's lad Dick. Oh, we've kept track o' you, lad, out on the farm. I'm not goin' to stay and disturb you now, only I've just got to stop and shake hands and clap you on the back. Bully for you, Dick; and say, just consider to my credit, won't you, that if I'd given you that job on my farm you wouldn't be here now, would you?"

"Mr. Bronson," said Dick, in answer to Breen's inquiring glance. "First man I asked for work. And here's Mr. Clark." He arose to his feet.

"I've just a minute, Richard," said the schoolmaster, approaching from the street door; "just a minute in which to congratulate you. Mr. Arthur has just informed me of your arrival. There is no success like success, Richard, is there? Really, I think I can say that you are the most successful of all my pupils. Have you brought your bodyguard this time?"

"No, Mr. Clark," answered Dick respectfully. "Let me introduce Mr. Breen, of the navy—my old teacher, Breen. I hope you don't think that I've declared endless war, sir."

"I should hope not," said the principal with a forgiving smile. "For in that case we should need a larger police force. You will remain with us a while? Yes? Well, I will see you again. By the way, at Mr. Arthur's suggestion, a few of us have considered—er—a little banquet—a reception, you know. Naval heroes are scarce with us, and we must make the most of them."

He hurried away before Dick could reply, and Breen sank back in a fit of laughter.

"I'll clear out first," said Dick savagely, "and I can't stand much more of this, either"—he looked at the still growing crowd without. "Let's bolt this grub and get out of sight."

They finished the meal and sought the parlor, from which, two hours later, they emerged to enter a cab—neither being willing to head a parade through the streets—and in less than ten minutes stood in Mabel Arthur's parlor, Breen with a joke and a smile, Dick sober and ill at ease.

An inner door opened and Mabel appeared, gowned in black, but with color in her cheeks, and the beauty in her face unmarred by the sorrow in her eyes. With the old swift glance at both she advanced, smiling slightly, to Breen, but paying no attention at all to Dick.

"I am glad you've come at last," she said in the full, musical tones which Dick could only remember in his dreams. "Have you seen Bessie?"

"Not yet, Miss Arthur," laughed Breen as he took her extended hand. "I was in duty bound to bring him here, you know, before doing anything else. I believe that you have never been formally introduced"—he waved his hand toward Dick—"My friend, Ensign Halpin, of the navy. He has come home an officer and——"

"He has done well; and you—have not. Take your cap and go to Bessie. At once!" She spoke imperiously, though still smiling. "Do not come back without her."

"But won't you please acknowledge the introduction?" protested Breen. "Can't I see you shake hands with him? My friend, you know."

"I will take care of him. Go."

"All right," said Breen, laughingly backing away. "Dick, take warning. I'm put out. I know all about it now."

He disappeared through the door, and the girl turned toward Dick.

"He has almost broken her heart," she said. "A man should not do that."

"I know," he answered.

She slowly approached him, her lips trembling as though she were about to speak. Almost involuntarily he advanced to meet her. Gray eyes looked into black—black into gray. Deep spoke unto deep; and Mabel and Dick, in this the third meeting of their lives, drew closer and closer together; then, with his arms about her waist, their lips met.

(THE END)

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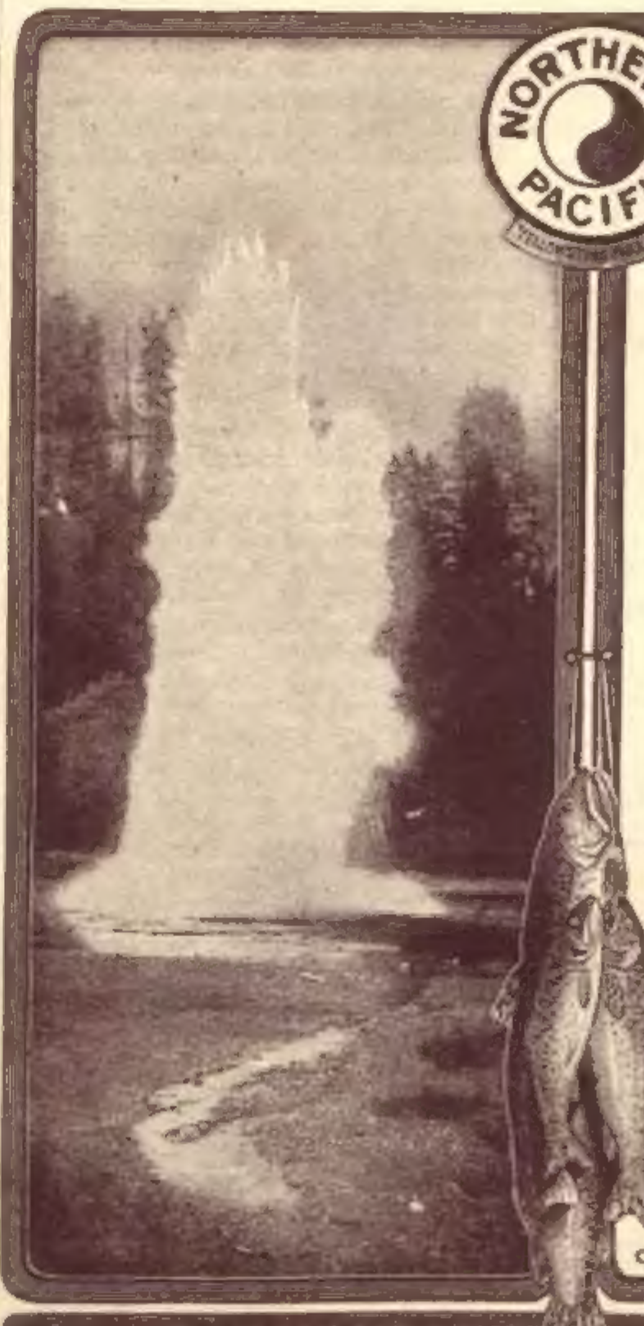

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